MODERN SCREEN

NUARY
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DEC 31 1941
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JUDY GARLAND

Earl Christy

Scoop! INTIMATE **LOVE LETTERS** OF THE STARS





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DEC 17 1941

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S
LION'S ROAR
Published in this space every month
The greatest star of the screen!



'Tis the month before Christmas and all through the movie houses there are a lot of wonderful films to be seen.

★ ★ ★

This column is in the present and future tense. Since it is a Christmas issue, we will first talk about the present.

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There is the Garbo picture. Of "Ninotchka" caliber—debonairy and de-lovely.



It is called "Two-Faced Woman"—practically a double feature in itself.

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And every single feature of Garbo is something to behold. Ask co-star Melvyn Douglas.

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Comes too, "H. M. Pulham, Esq."—which so many have read. Hedy Lamarr and Robert Young step right from the pages as the saying goes.



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"Panama Hattie", the famed Broadway trip-hammer of hilarity, gives us more Ann Sothern hospitality and Red Skelton's hornpipes of pandemonium.

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Spencer Tracy, the matinee and evening idol, and Katharine Hepburn, who also is no idle idol, appear in the picture of the year.





Entitled "Woman of The Year".

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And then also on this Yule season list, we're including "Babes on Broadway" which we deliver with all sorts of golden predictions of being something to dance in the streets about.

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That is, the dancing in the streets will be done after you've seen the dancing in the theatre.

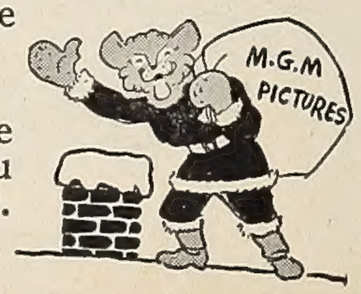
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It's all to the merry, merry.

★ ★ ★

And at the same time let us wish you a happy, happy.

—*Santa Leo*



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MODERN SCREEN

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SYLVIA WALLACE, Hollywood Editor
CONRAD W. WIENK, Art Editor

Cover: Judy Garland, appearing in M-G-M's "Babes on Broadway"

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It's on the screen so ROAR AMERICA!



"The Man Who Came to Dinner"



NOTHING COULD BE FUNNIER!

WARNER BROS.' NEWEST HIT. With

JIMMY DURANTE • RICHARD TRAVIS
BILLIE BURKE • REGINALD GARDINER

Directed by WILLIAM KEIGHLEY

Screen Play by Julius J. & Philip G. Epstein

From the 2-year-run stage success by
GEO. S. KAUFMAN and MOSS HART
Produced by Sam H. Harris

Your theatre manager will tell you the opening date.. that's your night to howl!

17 1941

The METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER'S LION'S ROAR

Published in this space every month



The greatest star of the screen!



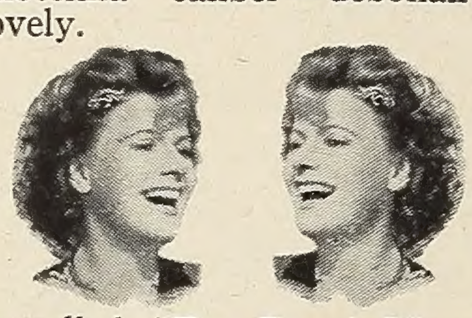
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MOVIE REVIEWS

LOUISIANA PURCHASE—AB-1

This light political satire in terms of music, dance and neat De Sylva-Ryskind flippancies has been transplanted almost bodily from the Broadway stage with nothing but William Gaxton taken away and little added save Technicolor and Bob Hope. Its locale is still a Graustarkian state referred to without let or quibble as Louisiana; its people still include those fashionable stage favorites, Victor Moore, Vera Zorina and Irene Bordoni; and its satire, though hardly calculated to remove the skin from its victims or even probe beneath it, at least gives a pleasantly opera-bouffe illusion of actual events, characters and places. All this together with a dossier of a dozen songs and melodies by Irving Berlin makes "Louisiana Purchase" one of the season's better investments.

In the screen version Bob is an honest though guilty-looking state representative who cares for nothing except the bright lights and girls of New Orleans, and Victor Moore is a slightly scatter-brained United States Senator who is conducting a Federal investigation of Louisiana state politics. Bob is framed by his grafting political colleagues to take the rap in the investigation and most of the comedy results from his frantic efforts, in sheer self-preservation, to sidetrack the Senator's inquisitive probings. Another amendment to the stage play is the addition of a smashing filibuster climax in which Bob reduces the crooked state legislators to gibbering impotence by reading to them from encyclopaedias, mail-order catalogues, etc.

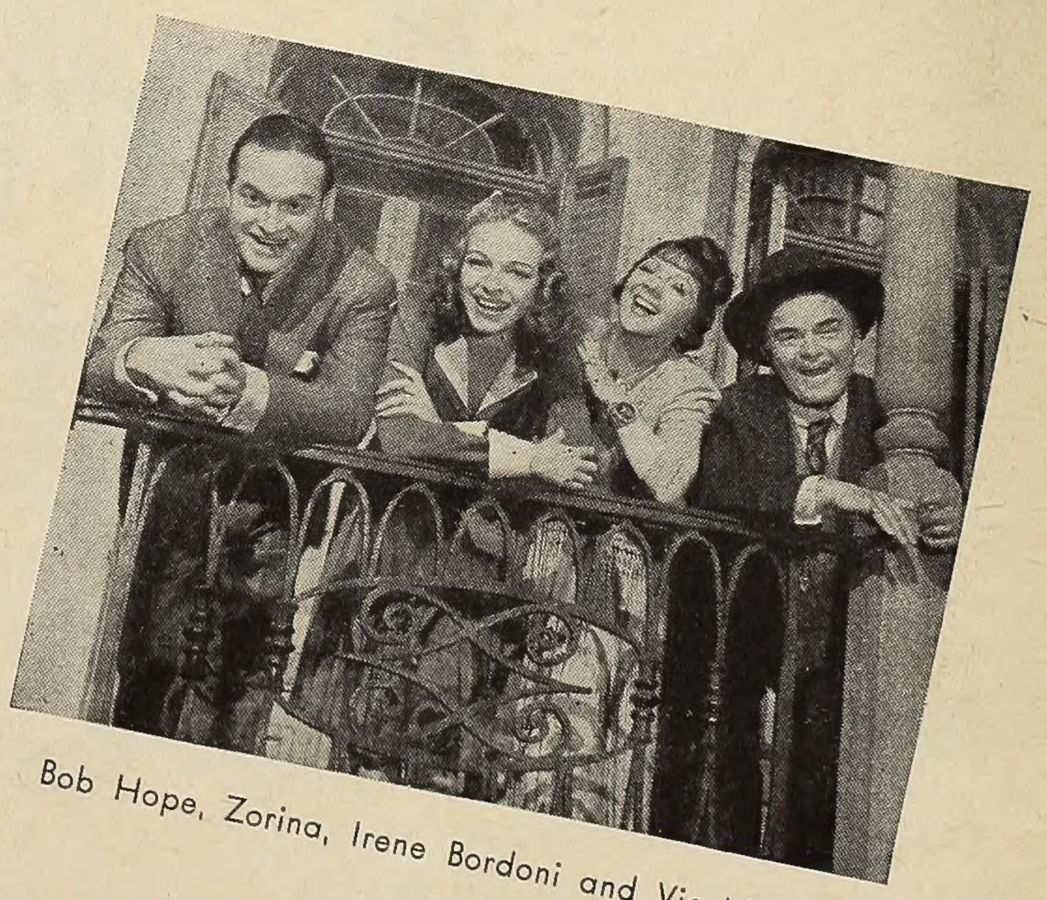
"Louisiana Purchase" has a slick professional finish. Its comedy is handled by Hope with his usual aplomb and ingratiating casualness, but its girls, its dances and its decorative numbers, like the spectacular Mardi Gras sequence, are at least equally noteworthy. —*Paramount.*

(*Continued on page 8*)

P. S.

Three "Louisiana Purchase" set workers inveigled Bob Hope into chipping in with them as part owner of a horse. Hope did, but never saw the animal. Every morning, he'd ask one of his partners, Bill McKay, how the nag was doing. Bill's answer was always the same—"My quarter did pretty good in the work-out this morning; if your quarter does as well, I think we'll have something!" . . . Bob's Metal Products Company is going full blast, turning out kitchen and office equipment for Uncle Sam's battleships . . . Maxie Rosenbloom took a terrific beating from cast members when a columnist printed the news that he had ordered pink water for his swimming pool to match his house . . . Dona Drake is the former Rita Rio, the gal who used to lead a very successful all-girl orchestra . . . Irene Bordoni, one of the six original stage cast, started a new fashion fad by carrying her lipstick in the heel of her shoe . . . Hope had to watch out for Victor Moore, one of the best scene-stealers in the business . . . When the cast took up their stage roles again, they had to spend two weeks unlearning all the dialogue they'd memorized especially for the picture . . . The technicolor used in the picture is progressive. It starts in black and white, with the first note of color appearing when a red-haired secretary walks into an office . . . The only near-catastrophe happened when Slapsie Maxie happened to glance up at the exact moment a couple of potted geraniums toppled out of a second story window. The resulting dents and bumps on his face and head weren't even noticeable . . . Buddy de Sylva, top executive of Paramount Pictures out here, says of the three shows he's produced on Broadway during the last year, this is the one he most desired to bring personally to the screen. (Other two were "Panama Hattie" and "DuBarry Was a Lady") . . . Production had to shut down for a few days while Hope recovered from a terrific case of sunburn. On Bob's first day back to work, he still looked like a stand-in for a lobster. Pal Bing Crosby wandered over from his own set, stood looking at his suffering chum. "Hiya, Hope," he said. "What's cooking?"

*Temporary rating. Owing to the necessity of going to press far in advance of picture release dates, our reviewer has been unable to see these films in completed form.



Bob Hope, Zorina, Irene Bordoni and Vic Moore!

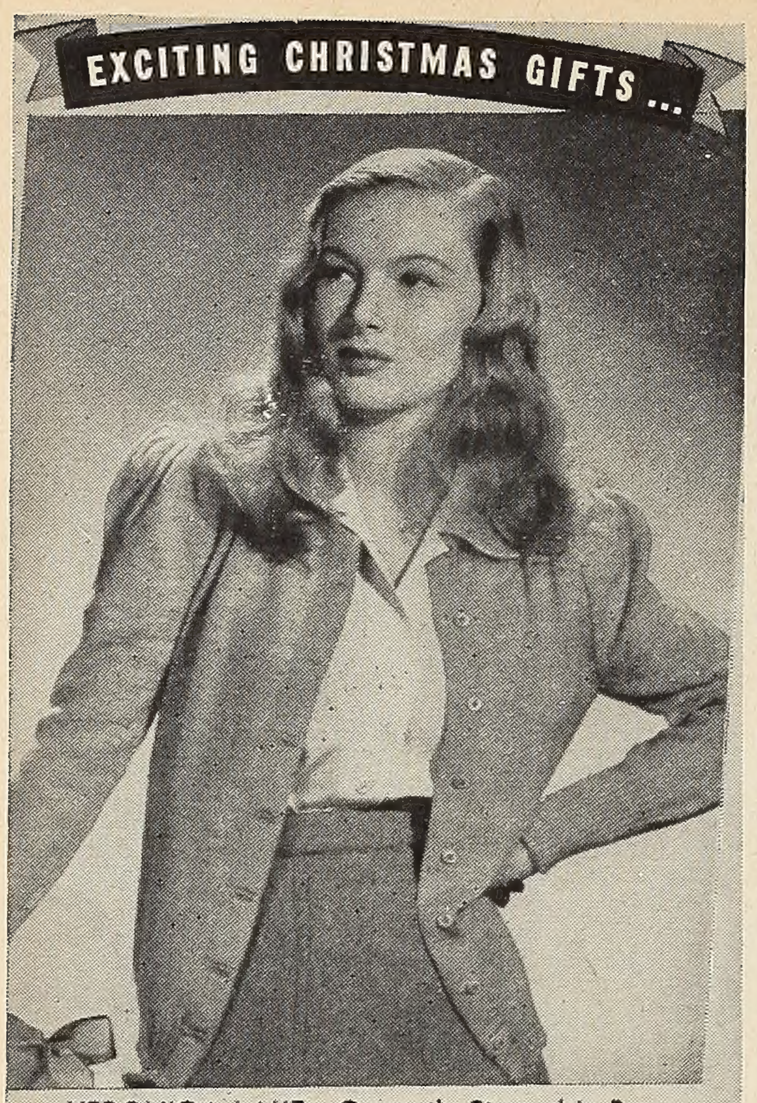




Hi-jinks between Victor Moore and Dona Drake.



Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, Bob Hope and company.



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MOVIE REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 7*)

RISE AND SHINE—AB-1

James Thurber's "My Life and Hard Times" has been considerably livened up and made perhaps a wee bit harder to take on the screen where it masquerades under the innocent alias, "Rise and Shine." Mr. Thurber's people and the odd things they do and the odder things done to them by fate never had more than a purely coincidental resemblance to life, but the people and incidents of "Rise and Shine" have even less than that. In their case, the usual cautionary screen foreword, designed to obviate law suits, might be safely dispensed with, for on the basis of the events and characters in this madhouse of improbable mirth, no human being could sue the company: only pixies, trolls, kobolds and Ohio leprechauns. No matter how popular Mr. Thurber may become as a fictioneer, even though he should eventually become known to his former associates on the New Yorker as "Edna" Thurber, nobody can say that his humor is "earthy."

Since Mr. Thurber's original, as we remember it, lacked a seasonal football twist, Mr. Hellinger, the producer, and his merry mechanics have generously supplied one in the person of a nit-brained star halfback, Bolenciecwcz, whom you will perhaps recognize under the more familiar name of Jack Oakie. This Bolenciecwcz, it seems, is a lodger in that curious household described by Mr. Thurber in his imaginative autobiography, and if he wasn't put there by Mr. Thurber in the first place, no one can deny that the way Oakie plays him, he *belongs* there. In fact, he may well turn out to be your favorite pixie.

Though "Rise and Shine" lacks the type of actors who are somewhat repulsively known as "big names," it employs a rich cast of secondary players, including, besides Mr. Oakie, George Murphy, Linda Darnell, Walter Brennan, Milton Berle, Donald Meek, Ruth Donnelly and Raymond Walburn. If it bores you, you'd probably be bored at a dogfight.—*TCF*.

P. S.

George Murphy has a formula for liniment that'll take cramps out of your muscles in no time. Got it from his father, Coach Mike Murphy, who trained athletic teams at Yale for nearly fifty years . . . Donald Meek was once an aerialist—before he ran away to the Spanish-American war. He's been bald since he was 17, as a result of tropical fever . . . Hermes Pan, dance director, is asked sixty times a day if that's really his name. It is . . . Sheldon Leonard, heavy de luxe, is partner in an Eastern art printery, known as Fine Arts Reproductions . . . Ruth Donnelly and Raymond Walburn held a bang-up reunion on the set. They hadn't seen each other for twenty years when they were acting in the same play on the New York stage . . . Jack Oakie, whose waistline expands or contracts according to the role he plays, lets his belt out to the last notch for his part as the plump and unpeppy "Boley" Bolenciecwcz . . . He and Mrs. Oakie bought Barbara Stanwyck's ranch in the valley, where they raise prize Afghan hounds . . . One of the hounds, incidentally, is a refugee, sent over to them by a friend in England "for the duration" . . . Walter Brennan gets a long-sought-for chance to be funny on the screen, playing an octogenarian lunatic . . . Screwiest of the six songs composed by Leo Robin and Ralph Rainger is the football march, "Hail to Bolenciecwcz." When the University of Southern California band finally learns it, it'll become a permanent fixture in its repertoire . . . After twenty years of impersonating a comedian, Milton Berle plays an addled mobster who thinks he's a horse . . . Linda Darnell finally gets a chance to play a girl her own age. She turned eighteen while making the picture, and that's the exact age of the co-ed in the script.

THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON—AB-1

When you first heard the electrifying news that romantic Errol Flynn had been assigned to play General Custer, you probably suspected that Warner Brothers would figure out some way to make Errol survive the famous "Last Stand," as he did "The Charge of the Light Brigade." Dismiss that suspicion as unworthy. As far as the Last Stand is concerned, history and Warner Brothers are in grim agreement: in June, 1876, at the Little Big Horn, Custer's cavalry unit, outnumbered and encircled by Crazy Horse's 4,000 yelling Sioux, died to the last man. Currier & Ives, early American engravers, once portrayed it in heroic poses and fervid coloration; now Warners have done the job even more picturesquely, and Errol goes down with the rest. Nothing has been added, nothing taken away.

The story follows the robustious, heman career of George Armstrong Custer from his mule-back matriculation at West Point to his final sacrifice on the plains, including his service in the War Between the States, his post-war boredom and roistering, and his happy but stultifying married life with Beth Bacon, a mighty pretty gal who resembles the movie actress, Olivia de Havilland. Before being restored to active duty on the frontier, it seems, Custer turned down a tempting offer from a stock-rigging company that wanted to exploit his name and reputation, and on the frontier he clashes with the same company (appropriately known as the Sharp Brothers) whose trading-post saloon has demoralized the Seventh Cavalry.

Cleaning out the saloon and restoring discipline to the regiment, General Flynn also compounds a peace with the Sioux on his promise that the white man's infiltration into the Black Hills country will cease. But a phony gold boom engineered by his old enemies, the Sharps, send prospectors pouring into the Black Hills, and in order to save these witless folk Flynn rides again, as at Balaklava, knowingly to destruction. After it's all over, his wife receives a letter containing enough information to get the Sharp gang properly punished. Whether that part is according to history or not, we couldn't say.—*W. B.*

HELLZAPOPPIN'—AB-1

That Broadway institution modestly known as "Hellzapoppin'" (and when you hear the word "institution," we hope you instinctively think of barred windows

and padded cells) has been transferred to the screen with amazing impropriety and madcap humor: in other words, with complete and absolute fidelity to the stage version. "Hellzapoppin'," as you've possibly heard, is where vaudeville went to when it died, so if you don't hate vaudeville (and who could?) you are almost certain to find something to laugh at in "Hellzapoppin'."

Since it's just a movie, though, naturally its performers can't come out into the audience and place chickens, ducks and other unexpected objects into your lap or run screaming down the aisles bearing potted plants and other outlandish properties, though the movie has tried to capture some of this odd magic by bringing a girl usher and a projectionist into the script. But nothing else is missing, neither Olsen nor Johnson, neither the woman calling dolefully for "Oscar," nor the man with the phenomenally growing rubber plant. And in addition there are a number of strictly screen innovations more or less, including Hugh Herbert, Martha Raye and Mischa Auer.

The story is that Olsen and Johnson go out to Hollywood to make a movie, and the movie director keeps insisting that there must be a story, and Olsen and Johnson keep insisting that "Hellzapoppin'" has run for four years on Broadway without a story, and finally there you are with no story. That's the story. When "Hellzapoppin'" was first produced, dignified and scholarly drama critics suggested that the public should not encourage this sort of thing by patronizing it. But it's too late to worry about that now. The damage is already done.—*Univ.*

P. S.

Martha Raye's automobile accident during filming of the picture was much more serious than anyone knew. Her first thought when she regained consciousness was how mad the assistant director would be when he found out she'd have to stay away from work . . . Olsen and Johnson were completely fascinated by the technicalities of the semi-disappearances they do à la "Topper" . . . During early conferences, the boys thought it'd be a swell idea to hand the customers those little red and green cellophane spectacles, so they could use stroboscopic stuff . . . Walter Winchell, who was the only critic to plug the stage show when it opened in New York, is still trying to get two extra passes for front row seats . . . Robert Paige, who used the name of David Carlisle for a while, once romanced with toothpaste-heiress Hazel Forbes, who was once married to Rita Hayworth's husband, Eddie Judson . . . Lewis Howard spent his time between scenes making sketches of his fellow performers . . . Everyone who visited the set was presented with a pin in the form of a tiny screw and a ball—which made them life members of the "ancient and august order of screwballs." . . . Olsen has a house-guest who's been with him for three years—a hefty comedienne named Shirley Wayne. She came to dinner one night and never went home . . . Hugh Herbert pops into the picture at the very end. He has only one word of dialogue but is doing the part as a special favor to Olsen and Johnson . . . Jane Frazee is half of the Frazee Sisters, a singing duo that broke up when her sister married Writer Norman Krasna . . . For retakes on the picture, the boys were rushed back to California from the East, given their lines and made up for the cameras in the taxi on their way to the studio from the train. They worked two hours and then flew back to New York.

(*Continued on page 10*)

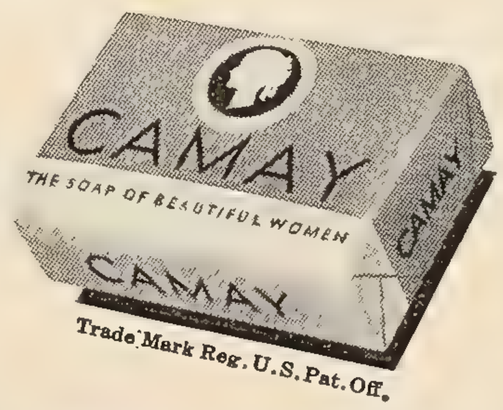
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This lovely bride, Mrs. Robert G. Johnson of New Orleans, La., says: "The Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet is such an easy way to help bring out the loveliness of one's complexion."

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"I'M SO THRILLED . . . being a Camay bride! When people tell me that my skin is lovely, I'm rewarded in full for my persistent devotion to the Camay 'Mild-Soap' Diet. Many nights I was so sleepy . . . many mornings I was in such a hurry, but never once did I neglect to follow the 'Mild-Soap' Diet routine faithfully." So says Mrs. Robert G. Johnson.



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Then, while you sleep, the tiny pore openings are free to function for natural beauty. In the morning—one more quick session with this milder Camay and your skin is ready for make-up.

(Continued from page 9)

KATHLEEN—AB-2

The biggest news in this picture, of course, is Shirley Temple, who is making a courageous comeback at the age of twelve. You'll be surprised how much and yet how little Shirley has changed from babyhood days, when she used to pacify the Riffs with a smile and put Queen Victoria at ease with a lisped word: how tall she's grown and how she can deliver snippy, even positively *naughty* lines. Of course Shirley only delivers these lines where they'll do the most good, for basically she is still our Shirley and we—old dodderheads that we are—hope she remains so, at ever-increasing options, till she's at least 65 and eligible for an old-age pension.

The present story, nicely calculated to display the NEW Shirley Temple to best advantage, concerns a neglected little girl in a big house; her preoccupied, widowed, Gail Patrick-chasing papa, who looks like Herbert Marshall; her enemy, the snooping housekeeper (Nella Walker); her friend, Felix Bressart, the swap-shop keeper, to whose delightfully cluttered premises she occasionally escapes via a laundry chute and a bicycle. Puzzled by his daughter's anti-social attitude, papa brings in a psychiatrist who, in turn, brings in crisp, cool, starchy but essentially rumple-able Laraine Day. Laraine, who is evidently being weaned gradually from the clinical Kildare series, plays a doctor, a specialist in psychological disorders. Of course we all know that it's really papa who needs to be psychoanalyzed and boy, does it happen to him when Laraine gets in her cool, clean work! Papa comes out completely cured of Gail and the housekeeper, loving Shirley and looking as psychologically fresh as any man could who resembles Herbert Marshall.

You never saw Shirley Temple fail to put over a picture and you needn't go to this one expecting to see a spectacular failure who has burnt herself out before her thirteenth birthday. The author, the director and the rest of the cast may falter, but not Shirley; and Shirley, after all, is the big news.—*M-G-M.*

P. S.

Shirley Temple, now 12 and a high-school freshman, attends Westlake School for Girls . . . One of her pals there is Sarah Lynn, daughter of her movie papa, Herbert Marshall . . . During production, a tutor picks up her lessons daily at the school and brings them to the set . . . One of the props needed for the picture was a portrait of a woman, supposedly the deceased wife of Herbert Marshall. The painting you'll see is one of Greer Garson, who coincidentally played Marshall's wife in their last picture, "When Ladies Meet" . . . Laraine Day has just been notified that she was chosen the best star bet among the young Hollywood players by the Motion Picture Exhibitors of America . . . She passed her 21st birthday during production and is rejoicing because she can sign her own contracts now . . . Marshall takes an active part in all British War Relief activities. He was seriously wounded during active service with the Fourteenth London Scots regiment in World War I . . . Gail Patrick was signed to a juicy contract by Metro because of her exceptionally good work in the last two pictures she's done for them . . . Felix Bressart tries to change the style of his moustache in every picture . . . Shirley dons high heels, formal gown and up-swung hairdo for a sequence in which she imagines herself to be 18 . . . The other formal she wears is an exact copy of her own favorite—a floaty, wispy creation that she wears to the dances at Harvard Military Academy . . . She's crazy about drawing. James Montgomery Flagg visited the set to sketch her and was amazed at her fashion designs. Said they had an excellent sense of proportion and color . . . Shirley would like to know who her No. 1 fan is. He never signs his name, but he's been sending her flowers on the 23rd of every month since 1935. On her birthday, he sends her a box of sugar lumps with her name marked on each one!

PLAYMATES—AC-1

A movie with Kay Kyser and his band is one thing (and a lot of people admire Kay, too, and justifiably so), but a movie with Kay Kyser and his band AND John Barrymore, Lupe Velez, May Robson and Patsy Kelly is, after all, a lot more movie for your money. That way, much of the burden is taken from Kay and considerably more from the audience, at least from that sedate, middle-aged portion who don't thrill deeply at the prospect of sitting for an hour or more gazing down a tuba's throat. That way Junior and Cissy get their name band, and the old folks get their Barrymore who played Hamlet or something once way back during the early Twenties.

With Jack the Ribber as a foil, the bespectacled Mr. Kyser gains enormously in charm, whimsical appeal and even romantic interest, for the late great Profile is no longer much competition in that respect even for the slightly indiscriminate Kyser. One thing you may have to get used to, but it seems to be the new trend in pictures: Kyser plays a band leader named Kay Kyser; Barrymore plays an aging Shakespearean actor named John Barrymore. Unless you're on to these things, it may be slightly confusing that May Robson doesn't play May Robson but Kay's North Carolina grandma, that Lupe Velez plays not Lupe Velez but a female bullfighter named Conchita, and that Patsy Kelly plays a press agent named Lulu, not Patsy. We hope you're following.

The plot—call it a plot, though it's really just a playful pretext—hinges on a scheme cooked up by Patsy and a colleague, whereby John gives Kay lessons in Shakespearean repertory which, in turn, give John publicity (it seems he needs it in this picture) and a radio commercial. Ginny Simms is Kay's romantic interest, and other featured members of the band are Harry Babbitt, "Ish Kabibble" and Sully Mason. If Kyser is one of your favorites, you'll like this one; if not, there's still a chance you won't be too desperately fatigued.—*RKO.*

P. S.

The Bard of Avon can't be resting easily in his grave these nights. RKO has "Henry the VIII," "Macbeth" and "Ophelia" jitterbugging all over the place for this one . . . Muzzie May Robson celebrates 55 years of stage and screen work playing "Juliet" to John Barrymore's "Romeo" . . . Set workers did get a terrific thrill, though, when "Jawn," cornily rendering Hamlet's soliloquy, suddenly stopped hamming and recited the immortal lines in the true Barrymore tradition. The silence of that huge sound stage full of people was more eloquent than any applause he'd ever received . . . Lupe Velez likes her name pronounced in two syllables, please . . . Her two pups, tiny chihuahuas named Mr. Kelly and Mrs. Murphy, worked with her in the picture. The mischievous little devils ruined every take, and Lupe was overheard threatening to have them made into tamales . . . Kay Kyser made a special recording of a song ribbing everyone in the company, cast and crew . . . Patsy Kelly ad libbed so well, writer James Kern said she ought to have screen credit . . . Ginny Simms, during the time she was with Kyser's orchestra, trekked nearly 200,000 miles on barnstorming tours and was never once late . . . 5 musical specialties were written especially for the talents of the Kyser boys by Jimmy Van Husen and Johnny Burke . . . Peter Lind Hayes won the role of Kay's publicity agent by doing imitations of Barrymore and Kyser. "What," chorused the two stars, "do they need us for?" . . . Lupe, who never misses seeing a fight at any of the local stadia, gets a swell chance to practice what she's always screaming at "zee fight-ers." She and John have quite a tussle. Mr. B's only comment: "It was all quite reminiscent."

THE LADY IS WILLING AC-2

That good-looking Dietrich gal is back again and in another one of those specially tailored comedy creations in which she always looks so fetching—or nearly always. "The Lady is Willing," however, is no "Destry Rides Again"; in fact there is hardly an unpedestrian moment in the script from first to last. Those involved (in the worst sense of the word) include Fred MacMurray, who has had such dull ones lately that he has begun to deliver his lines like a Fuller Brush salesman who has been thrown out twice already, and Director Mitchell Leisen, who did so much better last month with "Hold Back the Dawn." If only you could just look at Dietrich without listening to MacMurray, or better still without even listening to Dietrich, the picture might be a lot more fun. But there's always that dialogue.

The plot is not so good, either. Seems that New York's most beautiful actress (You Know Who) retrieves New York's most adorable foundling from among a gaping tenement house crowd and summons New York's greatest baby specialist (Fred). Greatest Baby Specialist remains to specialize in Most Beautiful Actress, saving her from a comical kidnap rap and making it possible for her legally to adopt Most Adorable Foundling by gallantly marrying her and moving in with his colonies of pregnancy-test rabbits.

Now you are probably thinking that Beautiful Actress and Greatest Specialist are going to have a falling out, and that Most Adorable Foundling is going to contract a nice case of infantile plot-alysis in order to bring them together again. Well, sir, as a matter of fact, that is exactly what happens. How did you guess it? Ever think of becoming a screen writer yourself?—*Col.*

P. S.

Before Marlene Dietrich tripped over a toy fire engine and hit front pages everywhere with her fractured fibula, she used to entertain between scenes by twining her classy gams around a carpenter's saw and serenading cast and crew with "The Rosary" . . . She learned to play the musical saw years ago and will oblige with a demonstration any time you ask her . . . For his first "character role," Fred MacMurray greyed his hair at the temples . . . Ruth Ford reads her lines as a Gallic maid with the new Free French accent. Says it differs from the French now being spoken in occupied territories—less guttural . . . Director

(Continued on page 13)

THE GREATEST MUSICAL COMEDY EVER FILMED !

Imagine! The funniest guy on the screen, Bob Hope —in Technicolor! Gorgeous dancing star Zorina—in Technicolor! Victor Moore, Irene Bordoni and a hundred lovely Louisiana belles—in Technicolor! A million laughs . . . scene after scene of indescribable loveliness . . . all yours, in the greatest musical comedy ever filmed!



IN TECHNICOLOR!

A Paramount Picture starring

BOB HOPE
VERA ZORINA
VICTOR MOORE

with

Irene Bordoni • Dona Drake

AND 100 LOUISIANA BELLES

SONGS EVERYBODY DANCE ♪ YOU CAN'T BRUSH ME OFF ♪ LOUISIANA PURCHASE ♪ IT'S A LOVELY DAY TOMORROW ♪ WHAT CHANCE HAVE I WITH LOVE ♪ I'M LONELY AND YOU'RE LONELY ♪ FOOLS FALL IN LOVE

Music and Lyrics by IRVING BERLIN

Directed by IRVING CUMMINGS • Screen Play by Jerome Chodorov and Joseph Fields • Based on the Musical Comedy by Morrie Ryskind • From a Story by B. G. DeSylva

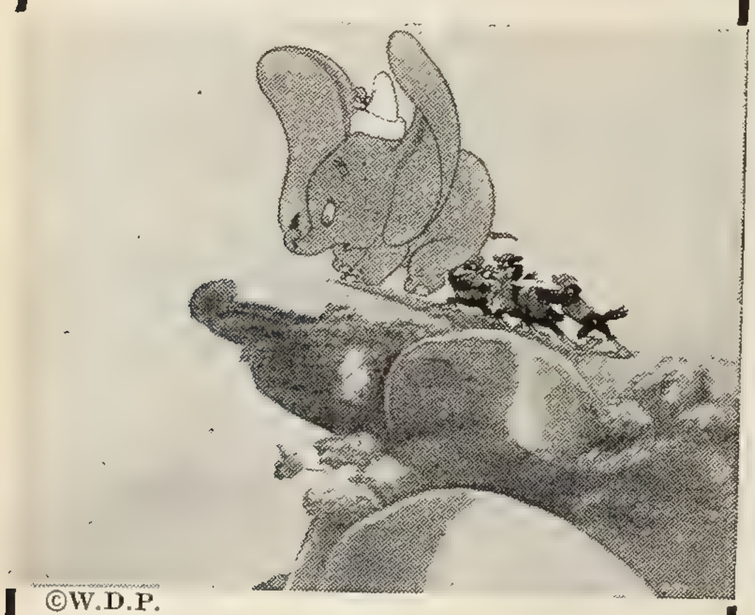
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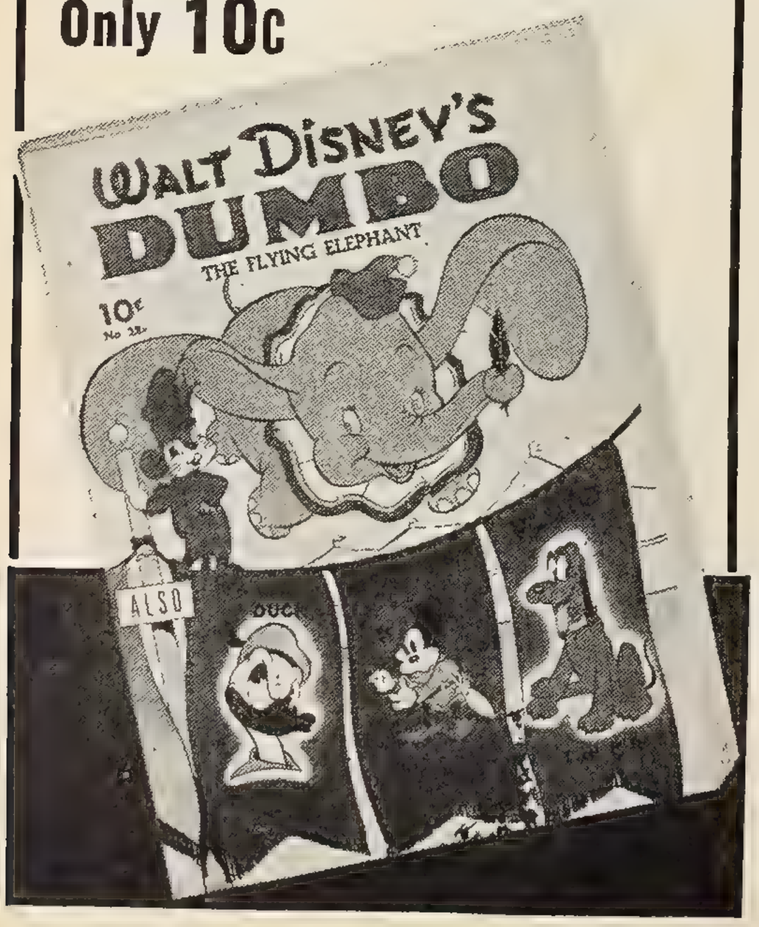


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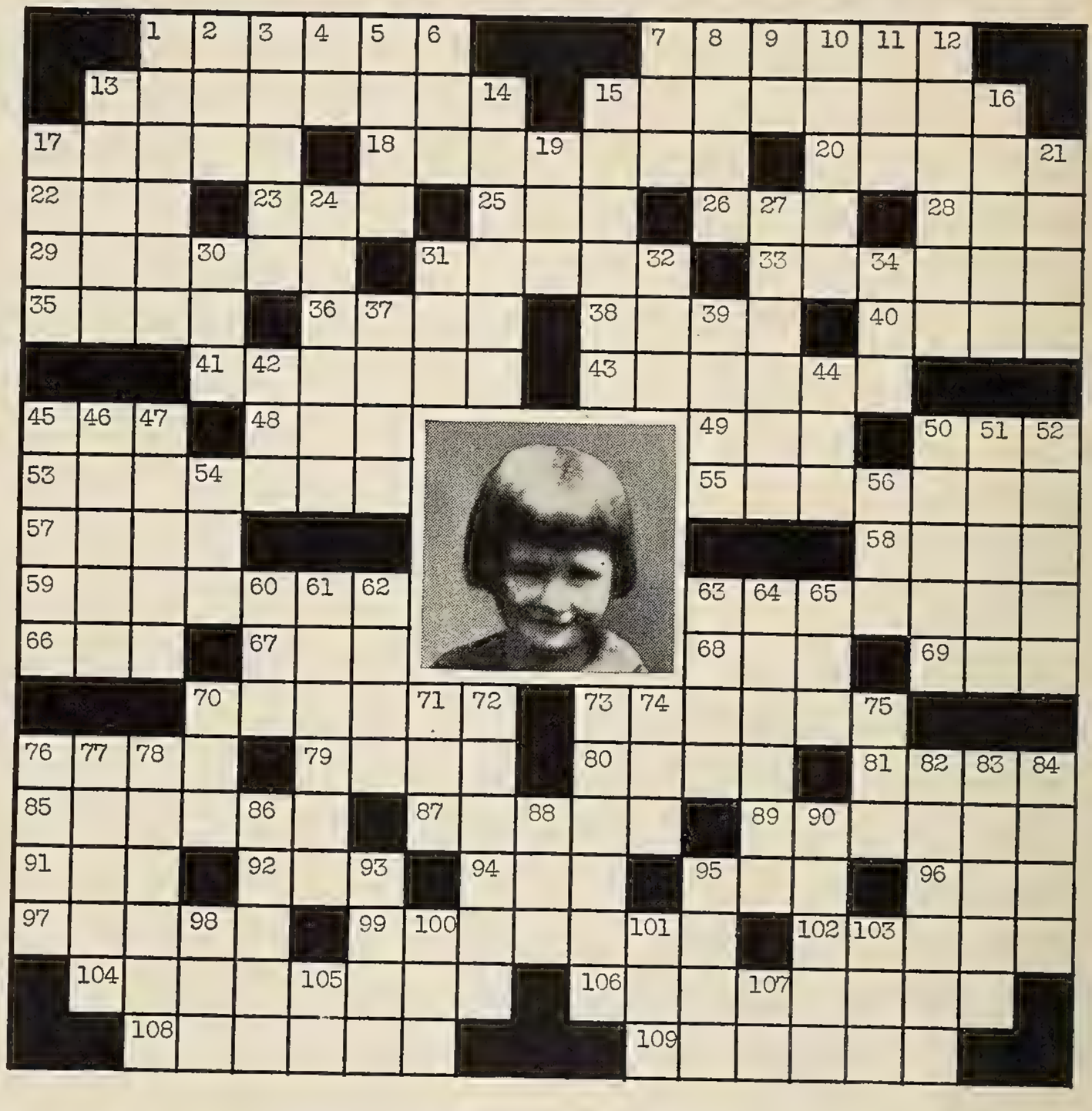
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The delightful story of DUMBO is now yours to keep in this beautiful full-color comic book. Here is the complete story of the movie told in comic strip form, with the drawings taken from the actual film itself, the only authorized Disney DUMBO comic book being published. Here is a clean, wholesome, fascinating comic, beautifully printed in full color, that both adults and children will love. It's a book to keep and enjoy—and it's only ten cents!

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OUR PUZZLE PAGE



Puzzle Solution on Page 81

ACROSS

1. With Deanna in "It Started With Eve"
7. Opposite Holden in "Texas"
13. Star in "Time Out For Rhythm" (pictured)
15. Gold-digger in "The Man Who Came To Dinner"
17. Starred in 53 Across
18. What Eleanor Powell is to Merrill Pye
20. Film producer
22. Wine cup
23. Anne Gwynne's "oomph"
25. Lillian - - - nell
26. Beery's pal in "Barnacle Bill"
28. "Nine L - - - s Are Not Enough"
29. Opposite 13 Across
31. Number of Lane sisters in films
33. Hags
35. Br - - - - Marshall
36. Dill
38. Mad sister in "Ladies In Retirement"
40. Singer in "Angels With Broken Wings"
41. Star of "Tom, Dick And Harry"
43. A hunter
45. Rita Hayworth's name is C - - - ino
48. 551: Rom. num.
49. Indian
50. Angry
53. Hilton's novel-film: "The - - - - - - -"
55. Related
57. Sea bird
58. Actress in "How Green Was My Valley"
59. Character actress: Una -'- - - - -
63. Sullavan's rival in "Appointment For Love"
66. Corded fabric
67. Man's nickname
68. Arabian garment
69. Scan
70. Actress in "When Ladies Meet"
73. A "motion picture" to Greer Garson
76. Femme in "Sullivan's Travels"
79. Arrow poison
80. Roman road
81. Color
85. Un-jealous hubby in "The Feminine Touch"
87. "They - - - - - By Night"
89. Willows
91. By birth
92. Insect
94. Marjorie - - - n
95. Canadian province: abbr.
96. Malt beverage
97. Lamprey fisher
99. She came back in "Father Takes A Wife"
102. Actor-band leader
104. Hold back
106. Real name of 13 Across
108. What Palm Springs is to stars
109. A drum

DOWN

1. Star of "My Life With Caroline"
2. Actress in "You'll Never Get Rich"
3. Regina in "The Little Foxes"
4. Printer's measure
5. Slaps Marlene in "Manpower"
6. Pa - - - c Knowles
7. "Reap - - - Wild Wind"
8. Length of film
9. Hesitating word
10. Motion picture director
11. Room in a harem
12. Deep gully
13. Dr. Gunther in "Appointment For Love"
14. What Hayden and Flynn have in common
15. What films are projected on
16. Actor serving in England
17. Judy Garland's husband
19. Correlative of "neither"
21. Emilio in "Street Girl"
24. "Sunny"
27. Card game: Fr.
30. Burmese gibbon
31. "The Four Daugh - - - s"
32. Yale
34. Aged
37. Actor Hamilton
39. Complacent
42. Queer
44. Above: poet.
45. Male film player
46. Feminine relative
47. Strip of leather
50. March's home in "One Foot In Heaven"
51. What chatterers do in theaters
52. Shirley - - - - -
54. Veda Borg's middle name
56. Human being
60. A doze
61. M-G-M's deadpan songstress
62. Autry's "check" on Champ
63. "Small Town Deb's" star
64. Mrs. Alexander Korda
65. A conceited actor
70. Dry, as wine
71. Dour comedian
72. Jeffrey's role in "Underground"
73. Ideals of good citizenship
74. A follower: suffix
75. "There's M - - - c In Music"
76. Last name of 13 Across
77. Mohammedan prince
78. Dancer in "Sweetheart Of The Campus"
82. Star of 28 Across
83. Star of "Flying Blind"
84. Belgian river
86. Stags
88. He's in "Dr. Jekyll And Mr. Hyde"
90. To take off
93. Russian ruler
95. "In Name - - - -"
98. Point of the compass
100. Bob Hope's lively faculty
101. Away
103. Peruvian plant
105. International language
107. Eleanor Ho - -

(*Continued from page 10*)

Mitchell Leisen is one of the most versatile men in Hollywood. He's half-owner of an exclusive tailoring shop; owns, directs, produces a dancing revue starring Mary Parker and Billy Daniels; is now in the midst of drawing up plans for a new Palm Springs resort (he used to be an architect) . . . New leading man Roger Clark is so busy, he can't find time for a golf game. Rigged up a putting arrangement in a 7x7 space in his dressing room . . . 11-months'-old "Baby X" was a pretty grouchy little number all during production. Even the combination of being held in Marlene's arms and having the director make a fool of himself by playing peek-a-boo failed to bring the faintest wreath of a smile to the youngster's rose-bud lips. As a last resort, Sterling Holloway was brought in. The sad-faced, wild-haired Sterling just stood in front of the baby. The kiddie took one look and burst out in ripply chuckles . . . Marlene didn't wear just any old cast on her leg. Hers was bright pink and streamlined. Got around the annoyance of having crumbly bits of plaster settle under her foot by having her maid blow 'em out via the vacuum cleaner.

THE SHADOW OF THE THIN MAN

William Powell takes Myrna Loy to the races for excitement . . . and gets it! A jockey is found dead in the club



shower. But Bill refuses to help until Alan Baxter, newspaperman, is shot. In rapid succession, a pair of innocent suspects are taken into custody and another murder is committed. After several suspenseful moments, Powell tells all, thereby startling Myrna and everyone else involved.—*M-G-M.*

TARZAN'S SECRET TREASURE

A scientific expedition pops up just in time to save Johnny Sheffield from the tortures of the savages. Tarzan appears, thanks the white men for saving his foster son and agrees to be their guide



. . . but forbids gold hunting. When one gold-hunting member of the expedition is stymied by Tarzan, he takes Maureen O'Sullivan and Johnny as hostages, then takes a shot at Tarzan. Rallying a small army of elephants, Tarzan rescues Maureen and Johnny . . . dispenses with two of the white men . . . sends the other back to civilization laden with gold. —*M-G-M.*

BLONDIE GOES TO COLLEGE

When Dagwood (Arthur Lake) tells Blondie (Penny Singleton) he wants to go to college, she thinks he's crazy. Nevertheless he goes . . . and so does she. The muddle begins when campus flirtations set in, but things really get hot when Dagwood is arrested for kidnapping Baby Dumpling (Larry Simms). Blondie finally untangles the mess by simply telling the truth . . . and when she does, even Dagwood's knocked for a loop.—*Col.*

BEDTIME STORY

At the three points of this triangle are Loretta Young, actress, Fredric March, husband playwright, and their newly purchased farm in Connecticut. After Fredric breaks his promise to give up the theater for the farm, Loretta leaves for Reno—is lured back—but finally goes through with her divorce, despite March's wild and varied schemes. Her subsequent marriage to a social registrant



is found illegal, to Loretta's secret relief . . . and she is re-united with March after a lusty brawl between him and husband No. 2. Loretta is inveigled into her husband's new play which creates a first-night sensation . . . but more sensational is her curtain-call announcement that the play will close in 5 months due to an "Act of God!" Fredric March faints but the day is saved!—*Col.*

A DATE WITH THE FALCON

George Sanders (the Falcon) is about to give up sleuthing to marry Wendy Barrie and become a broker when he is involved in his second diamond mystery. This one revolves around a secret formula



for making fake diamonds real as life. The gangsters lead the Falcon a merry chase before they're rounded-up. In the end, the secret formula is found in the pocket of the Falcon's stooge (Allen Jenkins), much to his and everyone else's surprise.—*RKO.*

FOUR JACKS AND A JILL

The "Four Jacks," headed by Ray Bolger, live by their music and their wits. Anne Shirley lives by her wits alone. Securing a better job for the "Four Jacks," she also replaces torchy June Havoc as singer. But one night Desi Arnaz and a pal wander into the nightclub and gum



up the works. Things are further complicated by June and her gangster-fiancé. In the end, Ray gets Anne . . . the band gets out of jail . . . and the much-deserving gangster gets it in the neck.—*RKO.*

(*Continued on page 16*)



Why Arthur Murray Dance Teachers Prefer Odorono Cream

WHEN you teach dancing for a living, you can't take chances with daintiness! That's why the glamourous girls who teach dancing in Arthur Murray's famous Studios are so crazy about Odorono Cream. They can dab it on and dance all day without fear of underarm odor or dampness!

Non-irritating, non-gritty, non-greasy—Odorono Cream ends perspiration annoyance *safely* 1 to 3 days! Generous 10¢, 39¢ and 59¢ sizes, plus tax, at all cosmetic counters.



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CHRISTMAS GIFT IDEAS



Beautifully packaged foods make exciting gifts

BY HELEN HOLMES

If you want to have your friends really love the gifts you give this Christmas, try making home-made candies and cookies. With the simple recipes we are printing, and just a little time and effort, you will give your gifts distinction that's entirely lacking in those you've hurriedly purchased and into which you have not put a little of yourself.

Lovely Margaret Hayes, who is appearing in Paramount's production of "Louisiana Purchase," says that every gift, no matter how simple, should have a glamorous wrapping. She uses colorful Christmas papers and outside wrappings of clear Cellophane. By securing the folded edges with Scotch Tape and decorating with bows and pompons of Scotch Gift Wrap Tape, she is easily able to make her presents look so mysterious and exciting that her friends can hardly wait until Christmas to open them.

If you will mail the coupon we are printing at the end of this article you will receive an extremely helpful little booklet, "MAGIC AT YOUR FINGERTIPS," which gives directions and illustrations of many easy and attractive ways of wrapping your Christmas Gifts.

CHRISTMAS CUT-OUT COOKIES

- 3½ cups sifted cake flour
- 2½ teaspoons double-acting baking powder
- ½ teaspoon salt
- ¾ cup butter
- 1¼ cups brown sugar, firmly packed
- 2 eggs, unbeaten
- 1½ teaspoons vanilla
- 1½ teaspoons lemon juice

Sift dry ingredients together. Cream butter, add sugar gradually, creaming until light and fluffy. Add eggs, one at a time, beating after each. Add vanilla and lemon juice; then add flour, a small amount at a time, and blend thoroughly. Chill until firm enough to roll. Roll 1/8-inch thick on a slightly floured board. Cut with floured cutters, brush with glaze and decorate. Place on slightly greased baking sheet and bake in a hot oven (425°F.) for 5 to 10 minutes.

Cutters to use for cookies: Round and scalloped cutters, Christmas tree, star and crescent-shaped cutters.

Decorations: Granulated sugar, mixture of cinnamon and sugar or colored sugar. Chopped nuts. Tiny colored candies. Cocoanut, raisins, currants, lemon or orange peel. And green citron for holly stem and leaves.

Glaze: Mix together 1 egg yolk and 1/4 cup of milk. Brush lightly over cookies before baking.

ALMOND BUTTER CRUNCH

1 cup butter
1 cup sugar
3/4 cup finely chopped blanched almonds, lightly toasted
4 squares Baker's Dot Chocolate

Add butter to sugar in saucepan. Place over low flame and stir constantly until sugar is dissolved. Cook until a small amount of mixture becomes very brittle in cold water (310° F.), stirring occasionally to prevent scorching. Add 1/4 cup nuts. Pour into lightly buttered pan, 8 x 8 x 2 inches. Cool. Heat chocolate over boiling water until partly melted, then remove from boiling water and stir it rapidly until entirely melted. Spread 1/2 of chocolate over top and sprinkle with 1/2 of remaining nuts. Cool until chocolate is firm. Invert crunch and cover with remaining chocolate. Sprinkle with remaining nuts. Cool until chocolate is firm. Break in small irregular pieces. Makes about 1 1/4 pounds crunch.

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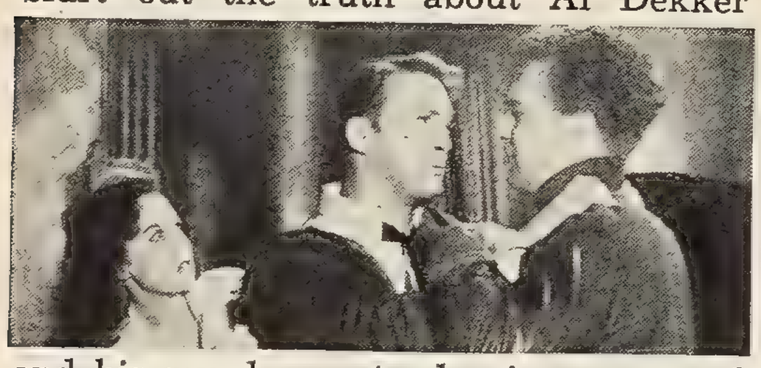
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(*Continued from page 13*)

AMONG THE LIVING

There's plenty of gore at the hands of insane Albert Dekker who supposedly died many years before. Once out of his straight-jacket, he strangles his aged negro attendant and a girl for whom he had a passing fondness. When the papers blurt out the truth about Al Dekker



and his murderous tendencies, a reward is offered. His innocent twin brother (also played by Dekker) is tracked down and almost lynched. Fleeing the mob, he trips over the body of the violent Dekker whom he finds dead. The crowd, arriving at his heels, is convinced of his innocence.—*Par.*

MELODY LANE

If Leon Errol of Kornies Breakfast Food weren't nuts about music . . . and nuts in general . . . Don Douglas, his advertising man, would have had no difficulties. Trouble is that Errol insists on sitting in with the band during his big network programs. Anne Gwynne, Don's aide, succeeds in signing up an unsuspecting cornbelt band. After many hectic rehearsals and an equally hectic kidnapping of Baby Sandy, Anne Gwynne sets things straight and just incidentally marries Robert Paige, the band leader, while Mary Lou Cook (band member) snags Don Douglas.—*U.*

NIGHT OF JANUARY 16th

Playing for high stakes, Nils Asther embezzles $20,000,000 of stockholders' money and then skips. Police find his wristwatch, assume that he's dead and hold his secretary, Ellen Drew, for murder. Stockholder Robert Preston bails



Ellen out, believing she'll lead him to the $20,000,000. Evidence piles high against her until she and Robert, working on a hunch, trace Nils Asther to Havana. Cuban police are about to arrest Robert and Ellen for disappearing during her trial when . . . but why spoil the story?—*Par.*

OBLIGING YOUNG LADY

Things start happening when Edmond O'Brien, roving newspaper reporter, gets his face slapped by Ruth Warrick. From then on he pursues her hot-and-heavy until she is whisked away by her fiancé. Being the perfect secretary, she takes her boss's daughter, Joan Carroll, to a mountain hotel to spare her the notoriety of a court battle between her parents. There they bump into O'Brien. Situations arise which force Ruth and Edmond to play mamma and papa to little Joan. The trick works to everyone's advantage.—*RKO.*

(*Continued on page 81*)

MOVIE SCOREBOARD

200 pictures rated this month

Turn to our valuable Scoreboard when you're in doubt about what movie to see. The "general rating" is the average rating of our critic and newspaper critics all over the country. 4★ means very good; 3★, good; 2★, fair; 1★, poor. C denotes that the picture is recommended for children as well as adults. Asterisk shows that only Modern Screen rating is given on films not yet reviewed by newspapers as we go to press.

Picture	General Rating
Accent on Love (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Adventure in Washington (Columbia)	3★
Affectionately Yours (Warners)	2½★
All That Money Can Buy (RKO)	3½★
Aloma of the South Seas (Paramount)	C 2½★
Apache Kid (Republic)	3★
*Appointment For Love (Universal)	3★
Arizona Bound (Monogram)	C 2½★
Bad Man of Deadwood (Republic)	2½★
Barnacle Bill (M-G-M)	2½★
Big Store, The (M-G-M)	C 3½★
Billy the Kid (M-G-M)	C 3★
*Birth of the Blues (Paramount)	3★
Black Cat, The (Universal)	2½★
Blonde from Singapore, The (Columbia)	2★
Blondie in Society (Columbia)	C 2½★
Blood and Sand (20th Century-Fox)	C 3½★
Blossoms in the Dust (M-G-M)	4★
Bowery Blitzkrieg (Monogram)	2★
Bride Came C. O. D., The (Warners)	3½★
Burma Convoy (Universal)	2½★
Buy Me That Town (Paramount)	3★
Caught in the Draft (Paramount)	3★
Charley's Aunt (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Charlie Chan in Rio (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
*Chocolate Soldier (M-G-M)	3½★
Christmas in July (Paramount)	3★
City Limits (Monogram)	C 2★
Come Live With Me (M-G-M)	3★
Comin' Round the Mountain (Paramount)	2★
County Fair (Republic)	2★
Cracked Nuts (Universal)	2½★
Dance Hall (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde (M-G-M)	3★
Doctors Don't Tell (Republic)	2★
Dressed to Kill (20th Century-Fox)	3★
Dumbo (RKO)	C 3½★
Ellery Queen and the Murder Ring (Columbia)	2½★
Father Takes a Wife (RKO)	2½★
Flying Cadets (Universal)	2★
Forced Landing (Paramount)	2½★
Free, Blonde and 21 (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Gangs of Sonora (Republic)	2½★
Gay Falcon, The (RKO)	2½★
Getaway, The (M-G-M)	2½★
Great Dictator, The (United Artists)	3½★
Great Guns (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Great Profile, The (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Harmon of Michigan (Columbia)	2★
Hello Sucker (Universal)	2½★
*Hellzapoppin' (Universal)	3½★
Henry Aldrich for President (Paramount)	C 3★
Here Comes Mr. Jordan (Columbia)	4★
Her First Beau (Columbia)	C 3★
He Stayed for Breakfast (Columbia)	2½★
Hit the Road (Universal)	C 2½★
Hold Back the Dawn (Paramount)	3½★
Hold That Ghost (Universal)	3★
Honeymoon Deferred (Universal)	2½★
Honky Tonk (M-G-M)	3★
How Green Was My Valley (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Hullabaloo (M-G-M)	2★
Hurry, Charlie, Hurry (RKO)	2½★
Ice-Capades (Republic)	2½★
If I Had My Way (Universal)	C 3★
I'll Wait For You (M-G-M)	2½★
In The Navy (Universal)	3½★
Isle of Destiny (RKO)	2★
I Take This Woman (M-G-M)	2★
It Started With Eve (Universal)	4★
*Kathleen (M-G-M)	3★
Knockout (Warners)	2½★
Knute Rockne—All American (Warners)	C 3½★
*Ladies in Retirement (Columbia)	3½★
Lady Be Good (M-G-M)	3★
*Lady is Willing, The (Columbia)	2½★
Lady from Louisiana, The (Republic)	3★
Land of Liberty (M-G-M)	3★
Last of the Duanes (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Law of the Tropics (Warners)	2½★
Life Begins for Andy Hardy (M-G-M)	C 3★
Life With Henry (Paramount)	C 2½★
Little Foxes, The (RKO)	4★
*Louisiana Purchase (Paramount)	3½★
Love Crazy (M-G-M)	3½★
Lydia (United Artists)	3½★
Maisie Was a Lady (M-G-M)	2½★
Major Barbara (United Artists)	C 3½★
The Maltese Falcon (Warners)	3½★
Man at Large (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Man Hunt (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Manpower (Warners)	3★
Married Bachelor (M-G-M)	3★
*Men in Her Life, The (Columbia)	3★
Million Dollar Baby (Warners)	3½★
Mr. and Mrs. Smith (RKO)	3★
Mr. District Attorney (Republic)	2★
Moonlight in Hawaii (Universal)	2½★
Moon Over Burma (Paramount)	2½★
Moon Over Miami (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
My Life with Caroline (RKO)	3★
Navy Blues (Warners)	C 3★
Never Give A Sucker An Even Break (Universal)	3★
Night Train (20th Century-Fox)	4★
Nine Lives Are Not Enough (20th Century-Fox)	2½★
Nothing But the Truth (Paramount)	3★
Officer and the Lady, The (Columbia)	2½★
One Night in Lisbon (Paramount)	3★
Out of the Fog (Warners)	3½★
Parson of Panamint (Paramount)	3★
Passage From Hong Kong (Warners)	2★
Penny Serenade (Columbia)	3½★
People vs. Dr. Kildare (M-G-M)	2★
Pittsburgh Kid, The (Republic)	2½★
*Playmates (RKO)	3★
Pot O' Gold (United Artists)	3★
Power Dive (Paramount)	2½★
Pride and Prejudice (M-G-M)	3½★
Queen of the Mob (Paramount)	3★
Ragtime Cowboy Joe (Universal)	C 2★
Reluctant Dragon (RKO)	3★
Repent at Leisure (RKO)	2½★
Ride on Vaquero (20th Century-Fox)	C 2½★
Ringside Maisie (M-G-M)	2½★
*Rise and Shine (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Rookies on Parade (Republic)	C 2½★
Sailor's Lady (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Saint in Palm Springs, The (RKO)	2½★
Saint's Double Trouble, The (RKO)	2½★
Sea Hawk, The (Warners)	3½★
Sergeant York (Warners)	4★
Scattergood Pulls the Strings (RKO)	2½★
Scotland Yard (20th Century-Fox)	2★
She Knew All the Answers (Columbia)	3★
Shepherd of the Hills (Paramount)	3½★
Shining Victory (Warners)	2½★
Sing Another Chorus (Universal)	2★
Sis Hopkins (Republic)	3★
*Skylark (Paramount)	3★
Smiling Ghost, The (Warners)	2½★
Spirit of Culver, The (Universal)	C 2½★
Spring Parade (Universal)	C 3★
Strange Alibi (Warners)	2½★
Sunny (RKO)	3★
Sunset in Wyoming (Republic)	3½★
Sun Valley Serenade (20th Century-Fox)	3½★
Suspicion (RKO)	3★
Sweetheart of the Campus (Columbia)	2★
Tanks a Million (United Artists)	3★
Texas (Columbia)	3½★
That Uncertain Feeling (United Artists)	3★
There's Magic in Music (Paramount)	2½★
They Dare Not Love (Columbia)	2★
*They Died With Their Boots On (Warners)	3½★
They Drive by Night (Warners)	3★
They Met in Bombay (M-G-M)	3★
This Woman is Mine (Universal)	2½★
Those Were the Days (Paramount)	C 2½★
Tight Shoes (Universal)	3★
Tillie the Toiler (Columbia)	2★
Time Out For Rhythm (Columbia)	2½★
Tom Brown's School Days (RKO)	C 3★
Tom, Dick and Harry (RKO)	4★
Too Many Blondes (Universal)	2★
Tugboat Annie Sails Again (Warners)	2½★
*Two-Faced Woman (M-G-M)	3½★
Two in a Taxi (Columbia)	2½★
Underground (Warners)	3½★
Unexpected Uncle (RKO)	2½★
Unfinished Business (Universal)	3½★
Victory (Paramount)	3★
Wagons Roll At Night, The (Warners)	3★
Washington Melodrama (M-G-M)	3★
Weekend for Three (RKO)	3★
Westerner, The (United Artists)	C 3★
When Ladies Meet (M-G-M)	3★
Whistling in the Dark (M-G-M)	3★
Woman's Face, A (M-G-M)	3½★
Yank in R. A. F., The (20th Century-Fox)	3★
You'll Never Get Rich (Columbia)	4★
Young As You Feel (20th Century-Fox)	2★
Ziegfeld Girl (M-G-M)	3½★



WATCH FOR AN IMPORTANT ANNOUNCEMENT ABOUT THIS AMAZING PICTURE FROM A LEADING THEATRE IN YOUR CITY!



WALTER PIDGEON
as GRUFFYDD



MAUREEN O'HARA
as ANGHARAD



ANNA LEE
as BRONWEN



RODDY McDOWALL
as HUW

GREAT FAMILIES *make great pictures!*

from the days of "THE BIRTH OF A NATION" and "CIMARRON"... through "CAVALCADE" and "BEAU GESTE"... down to "THE HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD," "THE GRAPES OF WRATH" and "GONE WITH THE WIND"...

great families make GREAT PICTURES!

...and now to the screen comes the brave story of a family never conquered—not by armed men or hardship, hunger or hate—nor by the turbulent years that stole the greenness from their valley.



DONALD CRISP
as GWILYM MORGAN



PATRIC KNOWLES
as IVOR



SARA ALLGOOD
as MRS. MORGAN



JOHN LODER
as IANTO

Twentieth Century-Fox presents

Richard Llewellyn's

HOW GREEN WAS MY VALLEY

with

WALTER PIDGEON • MAUREEN O'HARA • DONALD CRISP

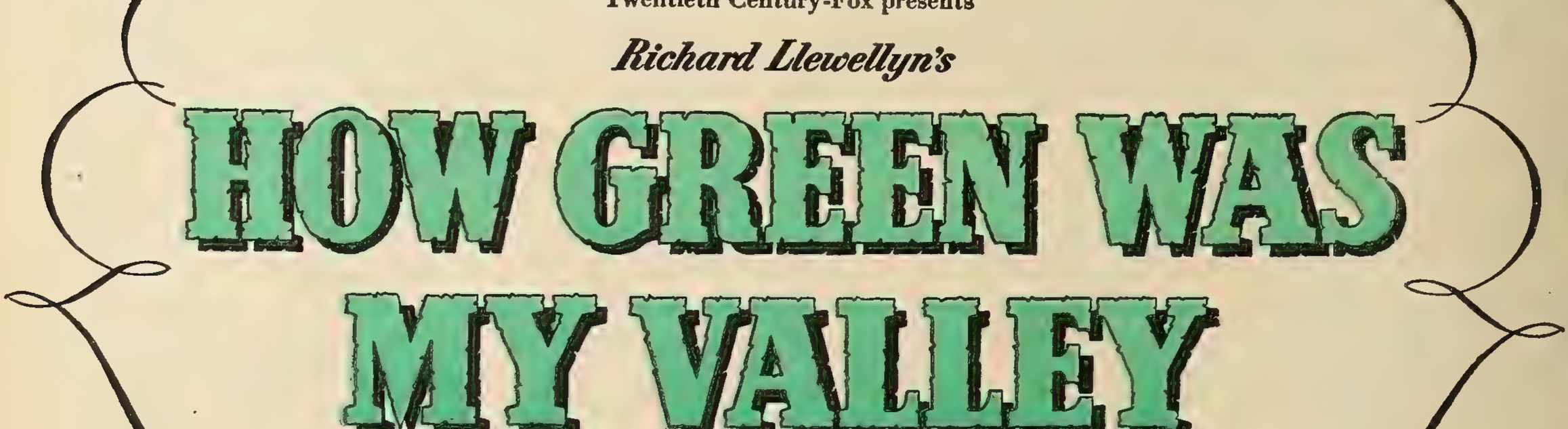
ANNA LEE • RODDY McDOWALL

John Loder • Sara Allgood • Barry Fitzgerald • Patric Knowles

Produced by
DARRYL F. ZANUCK

Directed by
JOHN FORD

Screen Play by Philip Dunne



Watch for CLAUDETTE COLBERT *in* "Remember the Day"

NED SCOTT



Gene Tierney

She's like a Petty drawing and wishes she weren't. Whittles 14 pounds off those curves before each picture. Mostly rumba-ed it away before starting work on her latest role in U. A.'s "Shanghai Gesture." Prefers the scent of fresh paint and gasoline to "Tabu." Adores her brother Butch and all James Thurber nonsense!



Walter Pidgeon

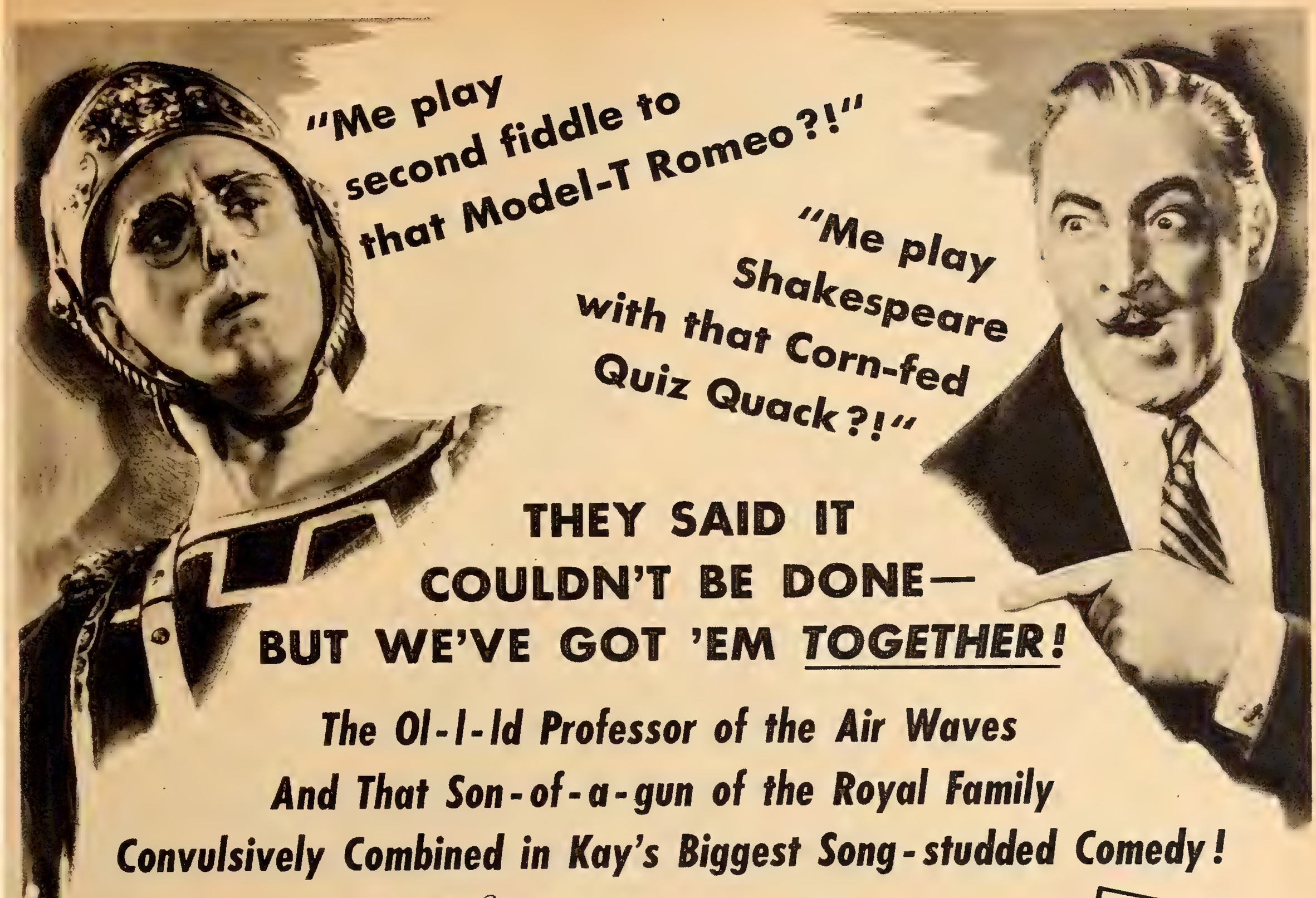
Pidgeon-hole Pidgeon? Not on your life! Warbling his way through musical comedies was O.K. for a starter. But exploding into song at the point of a baton is hardly a full-time vocation for a 200-pound chunk of virility like Walter. Anyhow, that's how HE felt about it. Better to sit and wait than to be typed for the rest of his life. So Pidgeon sat and waited, shifting his position from New York to Hollywood, until one day the heavy-duty roles started rolling in. So faint in the distance were his musical comedy days that Hollywood almost forgot the whole thing! And there was that nice, fat role in "How Green Was My Valley," just waiting to be snapped up. Paradoxical guy, Walter did the snagging. Judging by his latest part in M-G-M's "Design for Scandal," his snagging record is still tops. Cast so many times as the world-weary cocktail-guzzler, you'd never suspect him of carrot-eating and muscle-flexing. Or book-collecting, either. Hard to believe beet-tops, salad greens and travel books could nurture such a manly hunk of glamor. Yet there it is—6' 3", 200 lbs., with shoulders like a halfback and a face like "The Thinker"!

Relaxed as a whirling dervish, Roz has all 10 fingers in different pies! She writes unpublished reams—dreams up her own clothes—puts her heart into her conversation and her feet into "bunny shoes" when they're out of camera-view. Hates gossip, despite her natural talent for it in "The Women." Incurably curious, she's busy as a tourist, visiting sets, chatting with all-comers. M-G-M could use a Boy Scout troop to bring her back alive while she holds up production of "Design for Scandal," teaing with Joan Crawford. A lively bundle of contradictions, she thinks sleeping's a waste of time, but rarely crawls out of bed before noon when she's 'twixt pictures. Is happiest in a houseful of people, but lived alone. Has a swimming pool, but is allergic to cold water. Bats 1000 in glamor, but, though 30, her marriage record was strictly zero until temptation stalked in—in the person of Freddie Brisson, actors' agent. Used to say, "When you've got a gal like Hazel (Garbo's ex-maid) to take care of you, why clutter up the house with a husband?" Contradicted even that, two months ago, with not so much as an "Excuse it, please!"

Rosalind Russell

When other Hollywood guys his age were staggering the box-office, where was Bob? Selling fountain pens! Wasn't until March, 1940, that he changed his name and his vocation—signing "Sterling" instead of "Hart" to a 20th Century-Fox contract. Toyed around with the idea of acting while credit-managing for a rubber company. Finally got to Hollywood green as grass and started an intensive course in gate-crashing. Wangled a test from Columbia—rang a bell—and got a year's contract. Only bit parts, though. Started brushing up on salesmanship again when the break came in "Bad Girl." Judging from his current film, M-G-M's "Two-Faced Woman," the breaks are still coming. Back home in Newcastle they still talk of how Bob used to chase down the athletic field like the true son of a Chicago Cub. No telling where he might have wound up if not for that ankle injury he got on the freshman squad at Pitt. Had another accident not long ago but took it in his stride. Bumped into the rear of a car in Beverly Hills. Got out muttering, "Just like a woman," and found Hedy Lamarr at the wheel. A little informal for an introduction—but it will do!

Robert Sterling



THEY SAID IT COULDN'T BE DONE— BUT WE'VE GOT 'EM *TOGETHER!*

The Ol-l-ld Professor of the Air Waves
And That Son-of-a-gun of the Royal Family
Convulsively Combined in Kay's Biggest Song-studded Comedy!

KAY KYSER



In

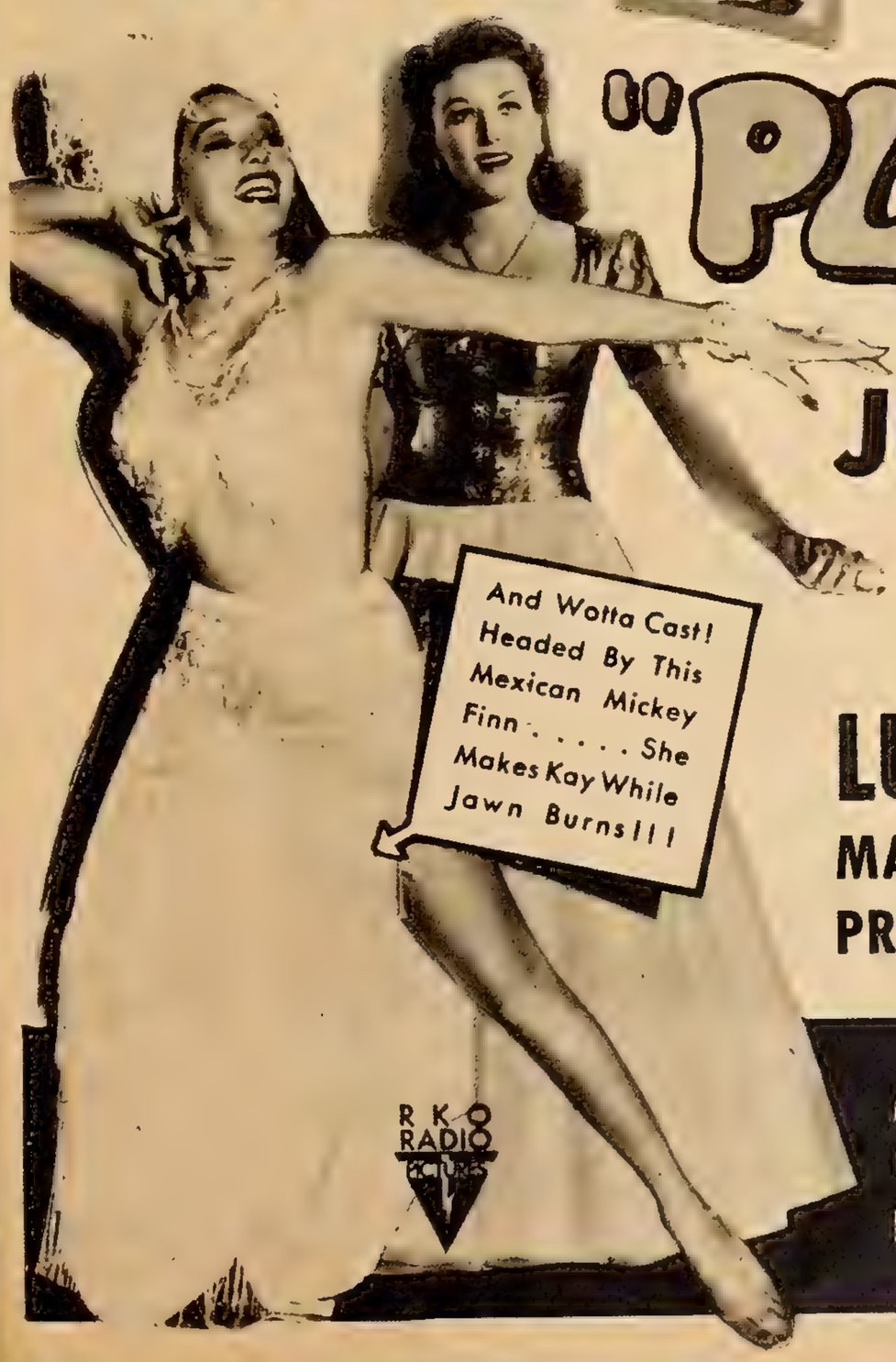
"PLAYMATES"

With

JOHN BARRYMORE

SEE KAY... Play Shakespeare ...Go Goofy Over Lupe ... Launch 5 New Song Hits.

SEE JAWN... Rumba with Robson ... Rassle with Lupe ... Duel with Kay.



And Wotta Cast! Headed By This Mexican Mickey Finn She Makes Kay While Jawn Burns!!!

RKO RADIO PICTURES

LUPE VELEZ • GINNY SIMMS

MAY ROBSON • PATSY KELLY • PETER LIND HAYES

PRODUCED AND DIRECTED BY DAVID BUTLER

Screen Play by James V. Kern



***Plus* KAY KYSER's Famous BAND**

In A Sensational Spectacle, "Shakespeare in Swing" featuring

Harry BABBITT • Ish KABIBBLE • Sully MASON



ERNEST A. BACHRACH

James Craig

If James Craig ever writes an autobiography it won't be entitled "Ten Easy Steps to Success," because his is no get-rich-quick story! Started selling papers, drove a truck, worked his way from construction crew to oil field and finally to sales department of General Motors. Reached the point where he could finally sign his name to a check and threw it all up, hell-bent for Hollywood. Judging by RKO's current film, "Valley of the Sun," Tennessee's boy has made good . . . and he's none the worse for wear. A towering 6' 3", he not only looks like a man of action—he is. Frisked his way casually through the United States, Canada, Mexico and Cuba, picking up a fluent acquaintance with Spanish. Worked his way to England on a cattle boat—did a pretty noble job of Boy-Scouting during the Palm Beach hurricane back in '26. Small wonder he went about the adventure film, "Rigadoon," as though it were old stuff! And that's the guy whose parents hoped he would be a minister. Strictly a man's man, he knows more about fish and moose than he does about women. Asks the inevitable question, "How is she on Southern fried chicken and hot biscuits?"

She loves horses, stray cats, blue-murder mystery yarns, candid cameras. Above all, she loves a guy named John Barry, publisher—wears the sparkler that's been in his family so long it's a tradition. Lives up to the Barry tradition other ways, too; by squinting at golf balls and household budgets with Yankee sharpness—by promptly discarding time-worn socks—by rising and shining for breakfast with hubby. Recalls how a wad of gum almost gummed up her debut with Fred Waring at the Roxy Theater in New York—but unsheathed her talent for comedy. Still tops in rollicking roles, but occasionally excursions into sheer drama—currently Warners' "Blues in the Night." Grew up from "Four Daughters" to "Four Wives" and later to "Four Mothers," but didn't outgrow her 18" waistline—the smallest in Hollywood. Never outgrew the nickname "Pat," either, though managed to slough off the "Mullican." It's do-or-die when Pat gets going. It was almost "die" when she took up horseback riding. Thrown three times the first day, she found herself in one of those rare spots she couldn't wiggle out of with a grin and a wisecrack!

Priscilla Lane



THEY LIVE

Clippered to Modern Screen from our London correspondent! The first exclusive account of four plucky English screen stars who exchanged Hollywood bright-lights for British Isle blackouts!

BY C. A. LEJEUNE



34-year-old Olivier's been in Eng. a year now. In 1940 made "Pride and Prejudice" with Greer Garson.



'Tis rumored in London that Larry and Vivien Olivier are expecting a wee one in the very near future!

WITH THEIR BOOTS ON

At a luncheon in London the other day, Producer Gabriel Pascal, before taking off for Canada in a bomber, had a few choice things to say about certain English actors in Hollywood. "Our sweet little birds," he called them, "who cable since eighteen months, I come home by Clipper. . . . They send me telegrams of congratulation on 'Major Barbara,' " he added darkly, "and promise to work with me. I think that in time I bring them all home by way of Canada."

His remarks set us thinking of other homing pigeons—English stars from Hollywood who haven't needed any Machiavellian cunning to bring them back to their homeland. Vivien Leigh . . . Laurence Olivier . . . David Niven . . . Richard Greene . . . four players who took the first boat home as soon as things began to look sticky over here. How has England and the war treated them? we wondered. Where are they? What are they thinking and doing? England is a pretty small country, but it's big enough to do a good job of hiding three service men and a navy wife who don't care to be found.

We ran Miss Leigh down first. We interviewed her amongst two buckets of sand (for fire bombs) and two of ice (we can't think why) inside the stage door of the Haymarket Theater. She was in the middle of a rehearsal of Shaw's "Doctor's Dilemma," which will go out on the road next Monday for a three months' tour of the blitzed areas. She was wearing a black tunic suit with brass buttons and a pronounced military influence. She has let her dark hair grow long, demurely parted down the middle, but definitely long: "Because," she says, "I can put it up in a minute with one comb and I'm ready for anything."

Pressed about how the war had treated her, she grew distressed. "But, sweetie," she said—for we have known Vivien long enough to make such addresses regular—"it hasn't treated me in any special way. I can't seem to make them understand in America that I'm just doing what every other Englishwoman is doing now. We had a newspaper woman from Hollywood in here the other day, and she thought I was pulling her leg when I told her I was cooking and doing the housework and growing the vegetables. But





Capt. Dave Niven (above with Loretta Young) wed Primula Rollo, woman's auxiliary air force officer, in Oct. '40.

THEY LIVE WITH THEIR BOOTS ON (CONTINUED)

it wasn't an act—*you* know that. That sort of thing is just automatic."

She looked rather darkly at the bucket of ice, which was beginning to wilt down the sides of her black sandal shoes. The stagedoor keeper, a fatherly type, suggested we might like to sit in his box and cleared a wooden chair of a bottle of milk, a cracked tea-pot, the mid-day paper and a cat. A minion from somewhere backstage stuck his head around the door to remark there was always Diana's Room. "Why, yes, of course," cried Vivien. "Diana won't be in till tonight's show. She won't mind." So we moved on from the buckets to the star dressing-room, where telegrams stuck in the mirror and pinned on a wooden screen wished Miss Diana Wynyard all the best for the opening of "No Time for Comedy."

"Larry should be in at any minute now," Mrs. Olivier went on. "He always looks in at rehearsal if he happens to be up in town. He had to go to the Admiralty for something today. He's a Loot in the Fleet Air Arm now, you know. Got his second pip. He does about three hours' actual flying each day and is on duty at the R.A.F. station from 8:15 till 5. I get him his breakfast before he goes and his supper when he comes back."

We said we thought a brief time-table of her day would be nice. She said it wouldn't be nice a bit, just dull. They had a hideous little bungalow in Hampshire, she said, handy for Larry's work, with one cook-general to do the odd jobs and keep an eye on the cat. Larry's old secretary was lost somewhere in France, their maid had stayed on in America, and the chauffeur was in the Army. . . . The cat, in case we were interested, she added, had one green eye and one blue and a squint. It came from the local pub, and its name was Tissie.

We said we would still like that time-table, and she said that she'd warned us, but here it was:

"We get up soon after six, earlier than we ever did for films. Then after breakfast Larry goes off to the station, and I do the housework and answer my letters and do the food. We live in quite a little country place, you know, so I call up the stores in the nearest town, and they put the food on the local



Posing with Zorina in May, '40, little did Greene know he'd be duty-bound for Britain 3 mos. later!



Instead of machine-gun shooting, Dick Greene has been furloughed to shoot motion picture film in Denham, Eng.

'bus, and in the evening I pick it up at the bus-stop and cook it for supper, just as dull as that.

"Until recently I've been reading plays in what spare time I had. We meant to do 'Claudia,' you know, but that fell through. Then we fixed on 'The Doctor's Dilemma,' and for the last three weeks I've been up in town rehearsing every day. I get home about eight o'clock, so I don't see much of Larry. Several nights a week he's on duty all night.

"I still drive the old Invicta. Do you remember how she stalled across your driveway five years ago? She's fourteen years old now and makes fearful noises and stalls nearly all the time, but she still goes when she wants to. The other day I brought her up from Southampton, all loaded up with bags and bedding and the cat and the cook-general, and she stalled right across a country lane. I got the man who was doing the removal to hitch his van up behind and push."

We asked Vivien about the grim old house in Chelsea, which had been the Oliviers' headquarters when they first came home from America. "Old Durham Cottage?" she said. (*Continued on page 62*)



Reports say Dick has seen active service in Egypt. Above, with Alice Faye in "Little Old New York."

CANDIDLY YOURS...

It's just what every Main Streeter dreams of—this sparkling Hollywood night life!



Desi Arnaz is perpetually amazed at wife Lucille Ball's superstitions! Claims she carries a roll of "lucky money," refuses to ride thru tunnels and even balks at pre-breakfast singing!

Photographs by Staff Photographer Bob Beerman



Lana Turner pulled a fast one during her visit to Lake Arrowhead recently. Concealed her identity under a brunette wig, and not a soul recognized her! Lately she's had Hollywood gasping over her electric blue roadster and matching suit. Above with Tony Martin.



Playboy Blake Gardner keeps 20-year-old Ann Miller (ex-Lucille Ann Collier) and everybody else in town guessing about the very mysterious source of his fabulous fortune!



Linda Darnell is as proud as Punch of her family. Thrille sister Monte and brother Bubber to death by posing with 'er at a premiere. Often drags 11-yr.-old sister along on dates



Ever since the birth of their wee bonnie lass last August, John Detlie (M-G-M set designer) and wife Veronica Lake have been telling friends they'd like four more exactly like her!



According to Mischa Auer, he'll soon be altar-trekking with current heart-throb Joyce Hunter, with him at Ciro's. He's an avid post-card sender; keeps chums' P. O. boxes packed!



One look at Bill Powell dispels rumors of his illness. Wife Diana Lewis goes to the studio with him every morning bright and early to take tap, vocal, ballet and dramatic lessons!



That huge cat's-eye-and-ruby ring Betty Grable slipped or Geo. Raft's finger on his recent 37th birthday was 'way too large. Had to be chopped down a few sizes at the jewelers

BY GEORGE BENJAMIN

VOCAL BOY



Gets such a kick out of their Sears Roebuck gasoline lawn-mower, he's worn the lawn practically bald!



Warbles to the tune of an old Steinway he's had for years. Won't give it up for sentimental reasons!



A perfect physical specimen (6′ 2″, 195 lbs.), he dreads getting fat. Warned his maid not to tempt him with yams!



Dennis loves to go moose and duck hunting in Utah. Takes the missus along to watch and roast the quarry!

LIFE WITH MORGAN'S A SONG! TROUBLE

IS HE NEVER SINGS THE SAME TUNE TWICE.

JUST ASK THE GIRL WHO OWNS HIM!

MAKES GOOD!



First thing Dennis did after finishing "Captains of the Clouds" was chuck sleeping bags in the Ford station wagon, take to the hills with Lillian. Parked kids with his folks in Beverly Hills!

■ Hollywood almost ruined Dennis Morgan's amiable disposition—snared him with a contract, dangled parts under his nose, jerked them away before he could nibble, frazzled his once-velvet nerves. For the first time, Lillian, his wife, heard him snarl and meditated schemes for his deliverance which didn't work. He was finally sprung by a Kitty named Foyle just in time to avert permanent damage.

Even with Kitty it was a near thing. In a triple play Morgan had been bunted from Metro to Paramount to Warners, who weren't sure they wanted to lend him to RKO. Sam Wood, the director, swore and Dennis prayed. He haunted the front office, and the sight of his face wrung the heart of the front office secretary. At length Wood phoned the head boss, then in Honolulu, for a plain yes or no and was told, sure, why not? That's how it happens in Hollywood.

Lillian was frankly thrilled when the fans started giving tongue after "Kitty Foyle." She loves to see him surrounded by autograph hunters. To cloak his own gratification, Dennis gibes at hers. "Just a little country hick—" She grins widely and asks him just exactly who does he think he's fooling around here, anyway!

They're a close corporation—Dennis and Lillian, little Stan, baby Kristin and the two elder Morners, who have come to Hollywood to be near the children. Before each picture Father Morner inquires: "Are you nervous, Lillian?" If she's not, he's not. As they gathered round the radio to hear Dennis sing for the Lux program, he eyed her anxiously. "Little nervous tonight?"

"Well—just a little maybe—" then, catching sight of his face, "Oh, not about *Dennis*, Father Morner. I'm having a tooth out tomorrow, didn't you know?" And the gullible man relaxes.

He feels a special proprietary interest in his daughter-in-law since he was with Dennis when Dennis first saw her. They'd just moved to Marshfield from Prentice, Wisconsin. It was Poppy Day. Dennis noticed the red sweater first, then the girl inside it. Her hair was dark, she was selling poppies, and her blue eyes shone with compassion—why, he didn't know. He wanted to buy a flower but hadn't the nerve. Lillian looked after him. "That poor good-looking boy with a limp," she sighed. (It was only a temporary kind of lopsided spring acquired in frosh football.) (*Continued on page 66*)



Got her start warbling "The Lord Done Fixed Up My Soul" in La. Purchase. Planed to Hollywood 4 years from the day she signed her first Broadway contract!



That report that Carol likes to cook is no malarky. Finds slaving over a hot stove relaxing and often concocts yummy menus when mom's away!

BY GENE SCHROTT AND JEAN KINKEAD

Self-made Siren

She's a glitter gal, is Bruce, with her champagne colored skin, those incredible lashes that you could knit a pair of socks out of and the oomphy mouth with the chronic grin. For a solid year she was to Broadway what Brenda Frazier was to Park Avenue—only more so. Her name in every column, a different swain practically every night, champagne on the house at the Stork Club. Sophisticated, gorgeous and as hard to get as a Noel Coward pun. Most of her dates were one night stands, but there was one boy—let's call him Bill—she used to see quite often. She doesn't see him much now because she's in Hollywood and he's in Brooklyn, but there are air mail specials and there are memories, and who knows what the future holds? His real name wouldn't mean anything to you, but if you're a Carol Bruce fan—and nine out of ten people are—his story will.

"I guess I was kind of crazy about Carol even when she was a kid—thirteen or fourteen," he told us the day we cornered him for a Bruce session. "Not that I'd ever have let on to the gang. She wasn't that kind of a girl—cute or pretty or anything. She was chubbyish and her teeth were all wrong, but she had sort of an air, if you know what I mean. She walked as if she were Mrs. God, and she had a wonderful low voice, even if every word she said was pure Brooklynese.

"I used to traipse over to her house pretty regularly, to be coached in math, I'd tell the boys—she was a whiz at it—and Carol got to be my ideal woman. She was so damn sweet and gentle. She'd always be darning some socks for Mr. Levy—that's her dad; her real name's Shirley Levy, you know—or whipping up a dress for her kid sister Marilyn. I'd watch her there in the lamplight and never notice the double chin or the funny nose. I used to think she was sort of beautiful.

"When she was fourteen, Mr. Levy's business failed, and they were terribly poor. Carol left school, and for seven dollars a week she slaved in some little hole-in-the-wall stocking shop on Fulton Street. Nights she'd go to high school at Erasmus Hall. All this put the skids on my courtship a little, but occasionally I'd amass the price of two balcony seats at the Strand and



Her second Hollywood flicker to date (first was "This Woman Is Mine") is "Keep 'Em Flying" with Dick Foran and Bill Gargan for Universal Studios.



An ardent Brooklyn Dodgers fan, she stayed glued to the radio during the World Series! Celebrated her 22nd birthday on November 15th.



Has to diet like mad to keep her current 5'5", 114 pound figure. Exercises daily by strenuously dancing and tumbling, gets pounded twice weekly by a masseuse!

She banks a four-figure salary, had a "name day" at the World's Fair and her picture on Life— that $7-a-week Brooklyn salesgirl, Carol Bruce!

on a Saturday night we'd be off. One time we went and there was an amateur show—and that's when The Thing happened. One minute we were sitting together, her hand warm in mine; and the next second she was down on the stage singing a torch song as only she can and bringing down the house. She won twenty-five dollars for that.

"Later on that night, over our chocolate sodas, she told me things she'd never said before. 'I can sing, Bill,' she said. 'You know what that means?' 'Sure,' I said, kind of dazed and hurt by her sudden rise to the heights while I was still earthbound. 'You'll be famous, maybe. And rich. You'll be able to buy yourself mink coats and stuff.' 'Crazy—I don't care about that,' she told me. 'But if I could only make enough so that Pop wouldn't be so worried all the time and so's Mom could stop sewing.' Then wistfully—'And maybe have some left over for a car and a pretty house.' She turned to me suddenly. 'Gee, Bill, wouldn't you like to live in a swell house with a garden and trees and drive a long, slinky convertible a mile a (*Continued on page 70*)



29-year-old Johnny hails from Roanoke, Va. blueblood stock. Never touches cigarettes, but goes berserk on clothes and flying!

TOO MANY HUSBANDS?

BY JAMES REID

Not so, says Anne Shirley! Johnny Payne's multiple personality just adds zest to their marital bliss!



Exercises strenuously every A.M. to keep his 6' 3", 190-lb. figure in shape!

"I'm not just one guy who's always the same," grins John Payne. "I don't think anyone is, really. Most people have seven or eight different sides, and so have I."

Under pressure, he started enumerating them for us.

"There's the guy who acts for a living—or at least tries to act," he said. "Then there's Payne, the demon musician, who's apt to pop out any time, but especially late at night. And Payne, the struggling author, who, every so often, hypnotizes himself with colossal ideas. There's the up-and-at-'em guy, the strenuous athlete. He's the opposite of Lazy John, who doesn't want to do anything except relax. Then there's the guy who likes to laugh—and the guy who likes to argue. And a few others I can't think of right now.

"I was very, very lucky," he pointed out, "to fall in love with a girl as tolerant as Anne."

But wasn't there a chance that Anne Shirley also was lucky—to fall in love with a man with a make-up like his? Life couldn't be monotonous with him around.

"I can't speak for Anne," said John. "All I can do is to speak for myself. For me, life doesn't get monotonous. And I suppose I can thank my assorted urges for that."

If his assorted urges had anything in common, it was a battle against boredom. 'Way back, the other John Paynes kept nagging the one who had to work for a living: "Instead of constantly changing jobs because you crave variety, why don't you look for a job that would keep changing?" So he looked and he looked—and he discovered acting.

"It's less monotonous than most jobs I can think of," John opined, crossing those long legs of his. "Not that life doesn't ever get dull around a movie studio. Only, with each new picture, you're working with a new cast and a new story. And in each picture (*Continued on page 64*)



Claims he enjoys kissing screen heroines, especially if he gets paid for it! Anne Shirley visited him on the set of "Remember the Day" (with Claudette Colbert) to check up!



He and Anne were married Aug. 22, 1937, after a 5-week courtship. Occasionally spree at Ciro's on Sat. nights; oftener stay home and keep 1½-yr.-old Julie Ann company!

Christmas — It's





● In Hollywood it's bigger—the trees are higher, their decorations thicker, the presents cost more, Santa's beard is longer, his belly fatter, the chimes ring louder, the holly's redder and the mistletoe whiter, the fun starts earlier and ends later—as a little something extra tucked in the toe of their socks, glamour gals give their boy friends reversible cuff-links of star sapphires and rubies—big shots throw dinners climaxed by oyster-shells in the finger bowls—pry the shells open and collect a gen-u-eyne pearl—it's terrific, brother!

Nobody works in the studios on the day before Christmas. Desks are piled with gifties and the air is charged with thrills. Gertie the stenographer and Marie the script girl exchange notes on their hauls, which include Chanel No. 5 and handmade lingerie—because even players who are hell-cats during the year turn into ministering angels on December 24th.

At noon all pretense of business as usual is discarded. Phones ring only with last-minute invitations to parties. Huge Christmas trees blaze in the commissaries. On the sets cameras stop grinding, and good cheer starts flowing. Stars kiss extras, and extras decide that Hollywood's a swell place after all, and maybe they'll get more work next year. By four the lots are deserted.

All but a skeleton staff have trooped off by car and bus to Beverly and Hollywood and Venice, to spacious homes and furnished singles, for their private festivities.

We can't follow the little people. Theirs is the blessing of anonymity. The stars, poor unfortunate dears, have to give us a peek or we'll call them heels—

Peek in at the Ray Millands. They're trimming the tree. With particular pleasure this year because Daniel David's two, old enough to take an interest. A gang has come in to help—Butch Romero and the MacMurrays and Ann Sothern, minus Roger. Last Christmas Roger was with her. MacMurray works hardest, kidding the pants off holiday sentiment because he loves it, and God forbid anyone should guess. Ray takes movies, which he'll show at the drop of a hat throughout next year. He's itching to give Mal her present, contains himself till the last guest goes, then dashes upstairs. It's another bijou in the beautiful set of matched sapphires he's been adding to each Christmas.

Ann makes it a point to be home by eleven-thirty for a special Christmas rite. Every year her mother returns to Minneapolis to sing at the holiday services in the old church. Ann was feeling very low one season—her mother away, Roger away, fourteen months of job-



COLOSSAL!

BY JEANNE KARR

WHEN HOLLYWOOD UNTIES ITS PURSE-STRINGS, IT MAKES DIAMOND JIM BRADY LOOK LIKE AN AMATEUR!



lessness behind her, nothing ahead. On the dot of eleven-thirty a package arrived—a record of her mother's voice, "Noel" on one side, "Silent Night" on the other. Ann shed a few helpful tears and phoned her mother at midnight. Every Christmas Eve since she's played the record at eleven-thirty and phoned her mother at midnight.

Some players give thoughtfully, some to get it over with—even as you and I. Joan Crawford's among the most meticulous. She carries the personal touch to lengths. She has a phobia about price tags, won't trust the shops to remove them, has everything sent to her home and does all her own wrapping. But literally. If a friend offers to help, she hovers to see that the job is done right. Crawford's Wilshire they call her place around holiday time, Bullock's-Wilshire being the swank department store. She spends more on gift wrappings than most people do on their gifts. Tags must be tied on, because stickers might fall off, and she writes every card herself. . . . Olivia de Havilland's another who won't delegate her giving. To Livvie a present by hand is worth two in the mail. She arrives at the studio with a carload, and if you happen not to be there that day, she may have to hire a G-man but she'll track you down.

. . . Dennis Morgan's gifting chums with a miniature record of his own inimitable voice.

Fred Astaire's motto is: "Give what they won't buy for themselves." He presented one friend with a pair of gold garters, monogrammed, from Cartier's. Himself, he wears the fifty-cent kind. . . . Bonita Granville and her mother are making their gifts this year at a tenth of the usual cost, turning the balance over to war relief, hoping the time and effort expended will compensate for the difference in value. It goes without saying that Bun will have Christmas dinner with Jackie—at his house, if his mother's well enough—if not, at hers. Jack's going to play Santa Claus at a local orphanage, an ambition he's nursed for years while waiting for his voice to change. . . . Errol Flynn sends a case of Scotch to the publicity boys he's played hide-and-seek with all year. This washes out his sins and clears the slate for another twelvemonth. . . . If you're on Greer Garson's list, you'll get a real English fruit cake baked by a cherished recipe of her mother's. If you're a special pet, you can look forward to (*Continued on page 76*)

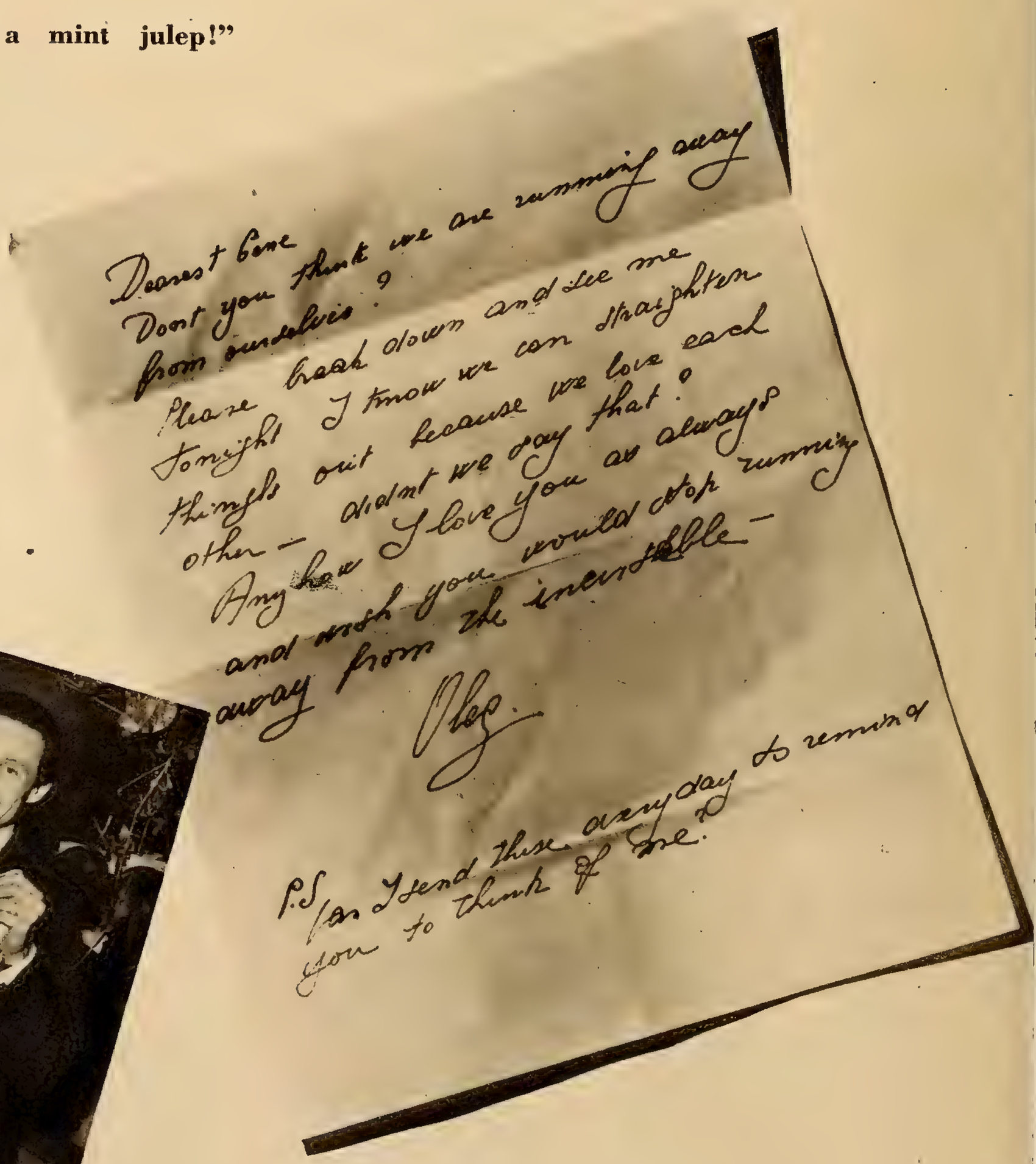


ILLUSTRATIONS BY CHARLES SAXON

"I wrote a letter to my

"Cut the hearts and flowers," says Hollywood. "That Valentino approach is dated; Love in '41 is fresh as a mint julep!"

BY DOROTHY SPENSLEY


Dearest Gene
Dont you think we are running away from ourselves.
Please break down and let me
tonight I know we can straighten
things out because we love each
other — didnt we say that?
Anyhow I love you as always
and wish you would stop running
away from the inevitable —
Olga
P.S. for I send this every day to remind
you to think of me.


The Cassinis

1052—"



The Reagans

CONFIDENTIALLY, the love letter writers of Hollywood are on the brusque, humorous side (with exception), leaving the heavy passion stuff for business hours. The sultry "I love you, I love you, I love you" days went out when Vitaphone came in; the modern soul outpourings have a Powell-Loy tinge, accent on comradery, an honest reflection of love and life and action in our swift Vitamin Age. Ready? Here we go.

The romantic wire-pullers

Bob Taylor to Mrs. Bob Taylor (Barbara Stanwyck) from the "Billy the Kid" location at Santa Fe, New Mexico, February 18, this year:

Mrs. Robert Taylor,
Beverly Hills, Cal.

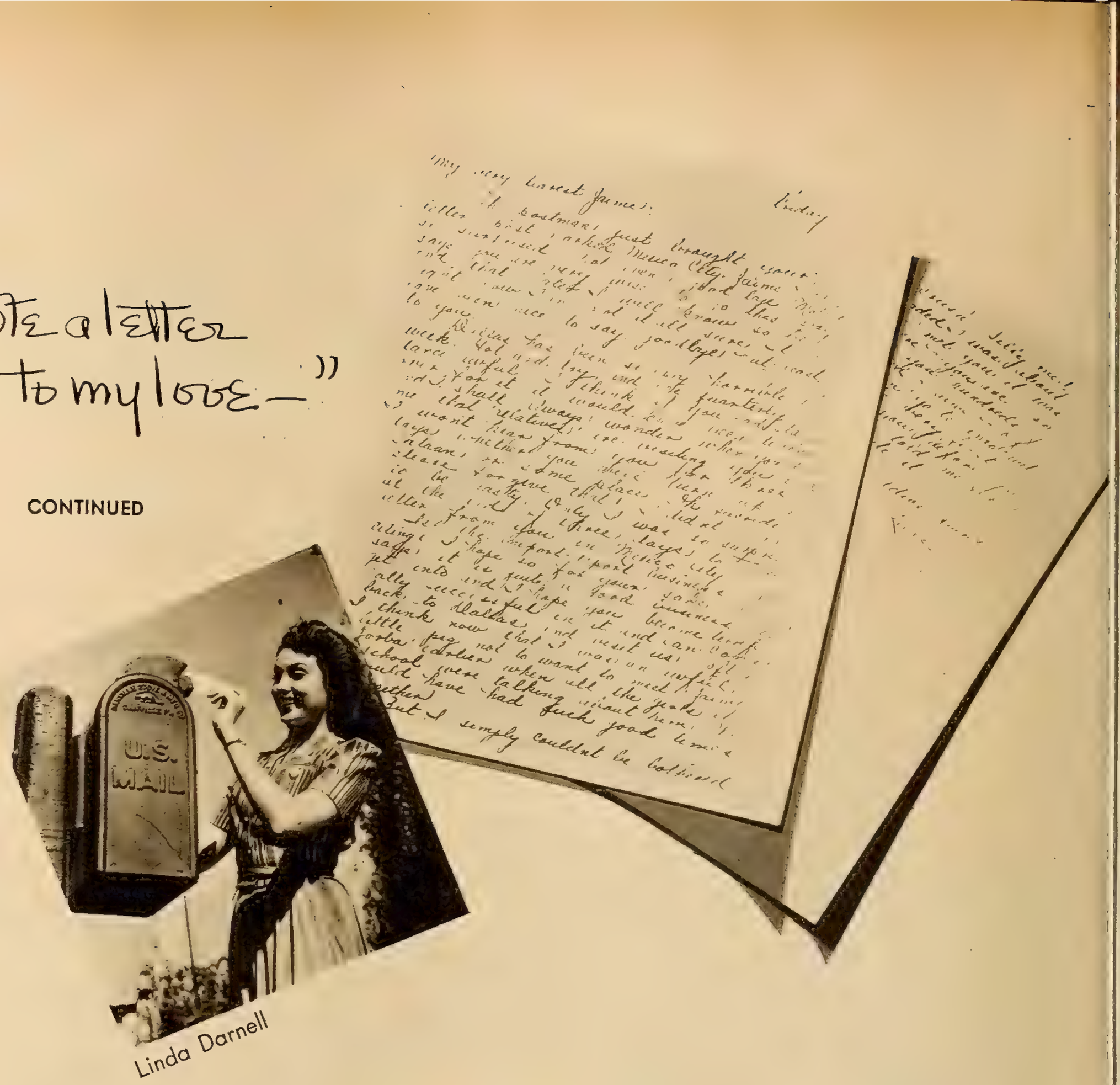
Dearest Doll: I wish I could be with you, Jack, Mary and the gang at Ciro's. We have a four A.M. call for tomorrow and that means early to bed for this cowboy, but don't forget to think of me thinking of you as you dance out the last one. I'm counting the minutes until I see you again. As ever,

Bob.

This wire, sent five years ago from Chicago where he

"I wrote a letter to my love—"

CONTINUED



Linda Darnell

was making personal appearances, cinched it for Gene Raymond with Jeanette MacDonald. When he returned, he proposed; was accepted.

Miss Jeanette MacDonald,
Beaverly Hills, Cal.

Stop interfering with my career. Couldn't remember my lyrics this afternoon. Love.

Gene.

Jack Oakie on Las Vegas, Nev., location for 20th's "Thanks for Everything" to Venita Varden Oakie when he hears that her Afghan hound, Afghani Shah, has won a dog show "first":

Mrs. Jack Oakie,
Beverly Hills, Cal.

I knew he'd do it, honey. When it comes to picking thoroughbreds Oakie wins hands down and this includes you, too. Shooting winds up Friday and Poppa flies in Saturday, so skip week-end plans and concentrate on your ever-loving

Jack.

Poets' corner

Love note to a honey-blonde, accompanied by red roses. Madeleine Carroll's suitor, name unrevealed, revives the Golden Age of courtship and borrows from the poets (Mr. Heine). Maddy inspires such things.

"Your clear, violet eyes pursue me;
Dance before me, day and night.
And I wonder how to answer,
How to solve those sweet, blue riddles."

And then from the sublime to the ridiculous. Ray Middleton, singer-turned-actor for Republic, is not sure it was love; but a New York girl, when he stood her up on a date and rehearsed a show instead, sent him a large heart, garnished with ribbons and flowers and the verse:

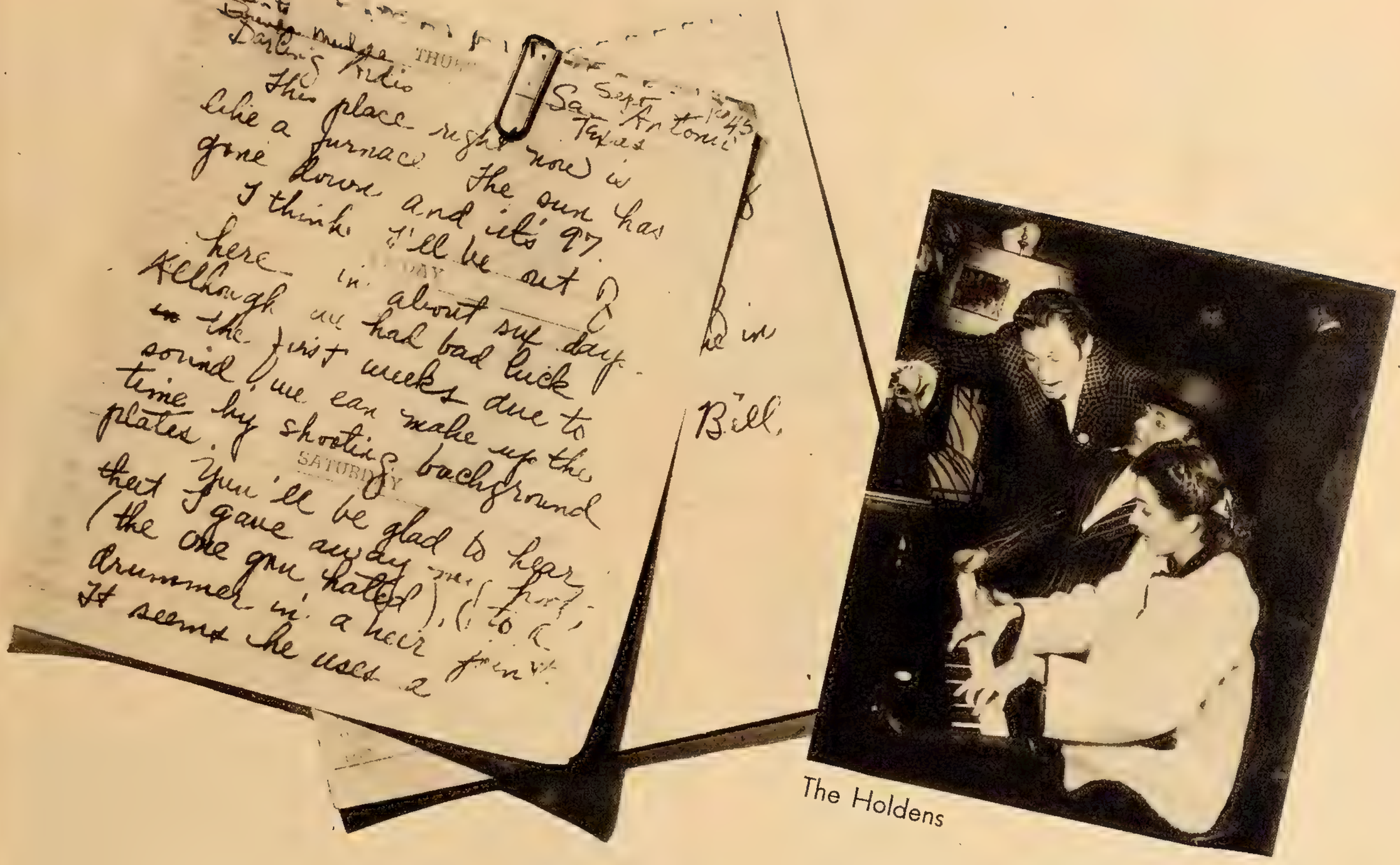
"Roses are red, violets are blue,
Sugar is sweet, but this is you!"

We forgot to say—the heart was cut from center ham!

Pop to Mom notes

Croon Prince of radio (Bing Crosby) dashes off a little something from San Francisco to Friend Wife. Tough, but tender. Sure-fire with the women.

Dear Mrs. C.—
What was that you were (*Continued on page 78*)



Sept 1945
San Antonio Texas

Darling Julie

The place right now is like a furnace. The sun has gone down and it's 97. I think I'll be out of here in about six day. Although we had bad luck the first weeks due to the sound, we can make up the time by shooting background plates. You'll be glad to hear that I gave away my (first) (the one you hated), (to a drummer in a beer joint). It seems he uses a

be in

Bill.

The Holdens



Dearest Mike, my favorite teasing toy:

I am so sad sleepy and tired. Beautiful orchestra music when I got up. Se'm running all to location. Must get the usual [illegible] eye bags off. Can scarce have to make up. Or if when I get home tonight. Say about eight. Don't wait dinner for me — Must you want, and I wouldn't mind if you did want to —

Ray —

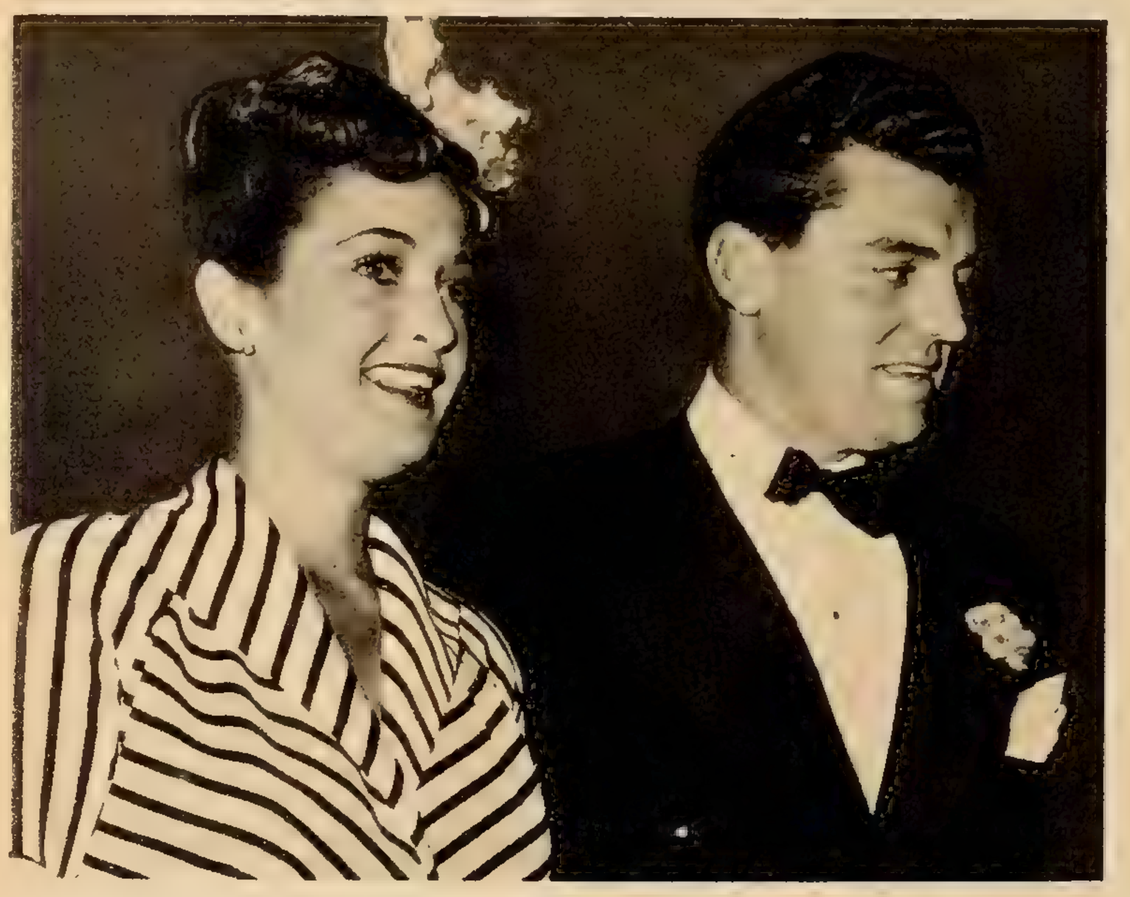
The Millands



Conspicuously absent was Producer Walter Wanger, who unexpectedly clippered to England to make an independent film. Wife Joan danced with bigwig Darryl Zanuck!



Dietrich (gorgeous in ermine) came with Jean Gabin, thus dispelling rumors of their tiffing. Sat with her cast-hobbled leg hoisted up on a chair!



Dottie Lamour's popularity's rising by leaps and bounds; hired two more secretaries to answer the reams of fan mail pouring in. Greg Bautzer's still the man in her life!



Despite the missus' attempts to cheer him up, reticent Gary Cooper gloomed all evening. Reason: his new pic in which he warbles 2 songs, spouts reams of conversation.



Party of the month

She rented half of Ciro's and invited 140 stars—but guest of honor Wanger didn't show up at Joan Bennett's "Sundown" premiere party!



Ty and Annabella got a big kick out of Ciro's maitre d'hotel Pancho. Prompted by studios, he reminded guests of time they started work next day, emptied place by 2 A.M.



Dead-set on making a comeback in "The Captain of Koepenick," Mary Brian talked shop with escort Reggie Gardiner and Ginger Rogers. Was very first one to leave.



Linda Darnell, Ann Miller and John Hyde were late arrivals from Linda's 18th birthday party. Come Feb., she's enrolling in philosophy courses at U. C. L. A.!



While Martin's away, Lana Turner's been touring the town with Bobby Stack. She recently got her final divorce decree from Artie Shaw, was voted No. 1 favorite of army!



Those perpetual romancers, Rita Hayworth and her combination hubby-business manager, Ed Judson, held hands during entire premiere!



"Sundown's" star Gene Tierney was center of attention. Told Rita Hayworth she hoped to woo her estranged parents back soon, had already built a lush in-law guest house!

Lilly dubs Loretta Young and Anita Louise "perfect hat girls." Loves to design for them 'cause they look heavenly in everything from pork pies to snoods!

Mad Hatter

BY KAAREN PIECK



Loretta's lavish lids in "The Men in Her Life" were Dache-designed and cost Columbia Studios an even $21,000!

SHE TOPS HOLLYWOOD CROWNS WITH CHIC—

THAT MERRY MAD-CAPPER LILLY DACHE!



Dietrich was a tough customer! Always clung to mannish felts till Dache captured her fancy with this!



The imaginative Lilly goes the limit on topknots for Anita Louise! Dreams up her most surrealistic models in the lush green padded cell for special clients!

● If *the* only guy has been snagged by the Army, an oil company in South America—or God forbid—another dame, there's just one thing for it. Nope, not a solitary binge, but a new hat. Sounds silly, but it's the one and only cure for a broken heart. When Marlene Dietrich tiffs with Jean Gabin, nothing yanks her out of the doldrums like ordering fifty-five or sixty (literally!) hats from Lilly Dache. And when the war communiques have just about flattened Madeleine Carroll, she stratoplanes to N. Y. and likewise perks herself up with a dash of Dache. It works like a charm and here's why, according to Lilly. "No woman can feel too depressed when she knows she looks simply knockout, and the right hat can make a Lamarr out of the world's plainest jane."

kind of a dream job . . .

All very well for the cinema kids who can invest in a $750 creation and never feel it, but what about us? Ah! Really terrific news. Lilly has given us the four unbreakable rules she uses to help her clients select their hats (we'll give 'em to you later). They're guaranteed to turn you into kind of a dream job and your brand new swain's fancy to pre-Spring thoughts of you-know-what. Can you wait? First, a quick gander at the Dache at work with her favorite clients, the stars.

bonnet strategist . . .

She receives them in the green taffeta padded cell she concocted in a whimsical moment. "They're wonderful," says Lilly. "I love them all—but don't think they're not problems. There was Loretta Young, for instance. About five years ago, she had a colossal-brim phobia—that one, with her angel face! Simply lived in those huge beach umbrella-ish things. I finally talked her into trying a darling tiny one which I softened with a veil. She loved it; bought lots of them and in exactly one month every Mrs. Tom, Dick and Harry had a veil!" Loretta Young and Anita Louise occasionally play guinea pig for the mad hatter's wilder schemes. Loretta, for example, was the original snood-girl. On her it was out of this world, and the rest of us gals went immediately snood-happy. We got them in every color, wore them night and day, fancied ourselves smootheroos. Which, to digress, was a big mistake. Dache says, "Never copy a style that is wonderful on somebody (*Continued on page 80*)

BY IDA ZEITLIN

"hello, everybody"



COLLEGE KIDS APPLAUDED FIRST! THEN IT SPREAD LIKE GOSSIP! NOW EVERYONE LOVES THAT BEGOGGLED PROF. KAY KYSER!



Prof. Kyser (appearing in "Playmates") helps celebrate Bing's honorary degree—Master of Caper-cutting from Gonzaga.



Kay Kyser, M.A. (Master of Amusements from N. Y. U. in 1937), dishes it out to Harry Babbitt, Ginny Simms, Ish Kabibble and Sully Mason!

● Kay Kyser's band breaks records. Up north in Spokane the floor broke down under the collective weight of one dancehall crowd. Down south old farmers, who don't know from swing or the theater but who love Kay, shuffle up to the box office, unbuttoning pocketbooks. The boys' Crossley rating is almost double that of their closest competitor, Guy Lombardo. They're the only band whose pictures, bare of star movie names, gross with the big money-makers.

RKO wasn't the first studio to make them an offer. It was the first studio Kay said yes to. One outfit offered him such a wad of dough that, when he turned it down, the producer called him crazy. So did the agency. Kay admits it was hard to say no, but, after consulting the boys, he said it. He wouldn't make love, he hasn't the face for it—anyway, not on the screen. He held out for a story that would let the boys be themselves—as he thinks Mrs. Smith of Arkansas, who tunes in every Wednesday night, pictures them. Mrs. Smith is more important to him than all the crowned heads of the entertainment business.

Jules Stein, president of the Music Corporation of America, took director Dave Butler to Catalina to hear the boys play. Butler talked to Kay about a picture, and Kay fell on his neck because their ideas coincided. According to Kay, they'd all be dead, cinematically speaking, if it weren't for Butler. "You don't know how much blood he gave to put us across," he says appreciatively.

The first day on the first picture was murder. The boys shook, and the eyes of the boss were glazed. It took him five hours to walk through a door, take off his hat and say hello. He looked like a man walking through the little green door to the Chair. Finally Butler said, "Print it," and Kay relaxed. When the picture was finished, he re-shot the first three days' scenes. It grossed over a million and was topped by "You'll Find Out." RKO has the band cinched for three more after "Playmates."

They're veterans now. On the set of "Playmates" they relaxed all over the place. Gandees, the pianist, plays practical jokes in a quiet way. Lyman Snow corners anyone who'll talk baseball and wept with Dem Bums when dat ball bounced off Mickey Owen's mitt. Harry Babbitt sits at the piano, trying out ditties with Rocky Hillman, the guitarist, who's had a lot of tunes published. Ginny knits and smiles and looks lovely, and they all adore her. Sassy Sully Mason goes round visitin'. He was pals with Barrymore the day after they started. "Looka me," he crowed. "L'il ole No'th Ca'lina boy, workin' in pitchers with John Barrymore."

Sully's the liveliest, Ish the quietest. While the others clown around, Ish sits, fooling with the valves of his trumpet. Or he plays gin rummy. Alone, if he can't find a partner, dealing himself (*Continued on page 72*)



According to Harry, Ish Kabibble and Sully, Kay has two all-consuming passions—making music and downing chocolate ice cream cones by the gallon. Kay eats to keep merry; relaxes to keep sane; murmurs modestly, "I'm no real musician—just a business man with a flair for gags."



Sully Mason keeps robust on grapes from Ginny Simm's farm and fried chicken sent twice monthly by Kay's mother!

"THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON"

BY LORRAINE STEVENS
and KAY HARDY



FITZHUGH LEE: "Mistah Custah, into how many fragments does a 12 lb. shell burst?"
CUSTER: "Into not less than two, sir."



CUSTER: "I have never been so happy in all my life, Mrs. Custer."



NOTE TO CAMERAMAN: *Pull back* and *tilt down* to show Custer and Beth walking through a bridge of crossed sabres, to the strains of the Wedding March.



BETH: "There is a price for which this letter can be bought—Colonel Custer's price. Mr. Taipe, you'll resign your office as Commissioner."



CUSTER: "I was an easy last in my studies at West Point, Sir, I'm afraid."
WINFIELD SCOTT: "Confidentially, young man, I saw those West Point examination papers myself."



GENERAL SHERIDAN: "Mr. Custer, when an officer deliberately disobeys orders in action, there can only be one of two consequences . . . a medal or a firing squad. You seem to have drawn the medal."



TAIPE: "If your men are drunken sots, that's your responsibility—not the company's."
CUSTER: "Sots! You cheap, boot-licking politician—You contemptible parasite!"



CUSTER: "Cover your own fronts. Don't fire to a flank. Aim low—sight at their feet—and TAKE YOUR TIME, BOYS!"

STORY

There are certain men whom destiny has singled out for her own. George Armstrong Custer, soldier and military genius, was one. From the day he entered West Point as a plebe, his career was marked with the tragedy and conflict to come. Within the very first twenty-four hours of his arrival at the Academy, he had made two enemies. They were to change the course of his entire life.

The first was Major Romulus Taipe, officer in charge of cadets. Silent, stubborn—he deliberately misinterpreted an episode which had merely been born of Custer's ignorance of Academy regulations and threatened expulsion. His second conflict was with Ned Sharp, a senior cadet. Arrogant, malicious hazing angered the hot-tempered young plebe beyond endurance. Later in the day he dropped Sharp with a jolting right to the chin.

Instantly, openly triumphant, Taipe had him arrested and brought before Colonel (*Continued on page 74*)

PRODUCTION

The 100th Flynn-to-de Havilland kiss rolled off the cinematic assembly line five minutes after filming began . . . Flynn's comment: "Olivia has beautiful lips. She keeps her eyes open, and they get that sweet misty look." Says Olivia: "Errol is so sweet. He never lets me get a kink in my neck." . . . This is their eighth picture together . . . Flynn consumes 10 to 15 cups of tea a day . . . Make-up man Ward Hamilton had to learn the correct method of applying war paint to the 16 Sioux Indians, hired by the studio from the Standing Rock Agency, Fort Yates, North Dakota . . . Warner Bros. was bombed with letters from "Custer-philes," people who knew some little-known anecdote about the General or had some grisly souvenir of the massacre they wanted to sell . . . Writers Aeneas MacKenzie and Wally Kline spent 10 weeks on research and 13 weeks actually writing the script . . . actual filming took 3 months . . . Most exciting part of the picture is the accurate film (*Continued on page 75*)

Give good looks for Christmas



A lucky stocking-toe find is a Cutex manicure set, filled with needs for fingertip beauty. Available in two shades of blue, red or tan leatherette. Only 60 cents.



This parasol girl in the crystal clear arbor conceals a graceful bottle of Cheramy April Showers perfume. A charming gift for $1.00.



A honey of a gift is Tangee's "Tuck-away," fitted with powder, rouge and lipstick. Available in blue, tan or red. $2.50.



Beauty and Christmas go together, so give her a Cashmere Bouquet gift set—complete with talcum powder, face powder, cold cream, lipstick and skin lotion. 50 cents.



Any girl will delight in the sparkling luxury of Djer-Kiss Bath of Bubbles. $1.00.



She's a happy girl who receives this thrilling box of glamour aids by Lady Esther. It contains four-purpose cream, cologne, face powder, rouge and lipstick. 50 cents.



Here's a romantic trio. Hudnut's Yanky Clover, Violet Sec and Spring Lilac perfumes, done up in an exquisite package. A bargain for $3.00.



Lovely to look at, but better to own, is Pond's Beauty Box, containing cold cream, vanishing cream, Dreamflower powder and freshener and Danya hand lotion. 50 cents.



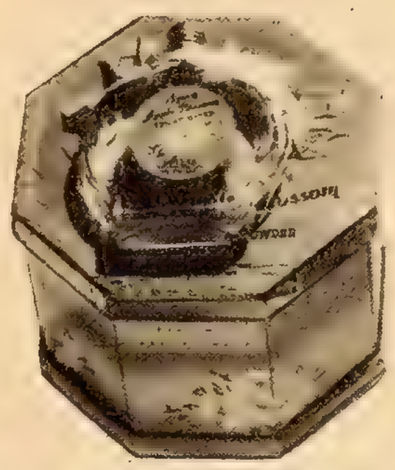
Fitch's Set for An American Gentleman includes brilliantine, hair tonic, skin lotion and dandruff-remover shampoo. 50 cents.



Civilian or service man, he'll welcome Woodbury's set, containing shave cream, after-shave lotion, powder and facial soap. $1.00.



Santa Claus had plenty to do with Irresistible's Christmas box. It includes cologne, perfume, talcum powder, face powder and lipstick. You can buy it for 50 cents.



A glamorous gift combination is Lander's Spicy Apple Blossom bath powder and matching toilet water. 25 cents.



You'll make a lasting hit if you present her with a smart Dura-Gloss kit of manicure necessities. It comes in either red, green or blue fabric. Costs just 50 cents.



Traveler or homebody, she'll adore a Princess Pat "Keep-Neat" Kit, fitted with eight beauty aids besides a complexion sponge and tissue. $1.50.

by Carol Carter

GOOD NEWS

BY SYLVIA KAHN

Sheridan-Harvard feud off!



Tony Martin gets 1-A rating!

Vanderbilt column nixed!

Gable tiffs with Fox!

Gobs honor Jane Russell.

Tierney pulls a Godiva!

No breadlines for Mae West!

Donlevy a poet at heart.

Despite a study lined with story-rejection slips, John Payne bravely scribbled another novel, "The Sun Shines Bright." Day it was finished he and the missus celebrated at Ciro's!

Va. Hill baffles Hollywood!

Leslie Howard an expectant grandad!

Hill and Kale

It'll be a great day for Hollywood when John Carroll takes plumpish, black-eyed Virginia Hill to be his blushing bride. If the pair do bounce to the altar, John will bring into the great Movietown family the most fantastic personality it has known since Bogus Prince Romanoff was in his prime.

At 23, Virginia Hill is a woman of mystery. Her wealth is unestimable and untraceable, though it is surmised her three marriages (the first occurred when she was 14) might have had something to do with it. Her extravagances are notorious. A $1,000 evening gown, the gem of Designer Irene's fall collection, draped her body only three or four times before she gave it to a friend. Other gowns for which she pays from $100 to $400 are often discarded without being worn at all.

Her parties are reminiscent of something that went out with the Romans. Starting with two or three couples, Virginia frequently finds herself winding up the night hosting a mob of fifty. One evening she rented the Mocambo and its entire staff for a private shindig. Conservative estimators say that little social cost her well over $3,000!

It's always cash on the line for Virginia Hill. She travels with gobs of it tied in a rubber band. She's never used a checkbook even to pay bills for her Chicago apartment, her New York and Hollywood hotel suites, automobile upkeep, maid and secretary.

There's no denying, Husband Number Four will have to step fast to keep pace with the mad, exciting Miss Hill. But if anyone can do it, John Carroll is the boy. He's not exactly a rest cure, himself!

Maid in Hollywood

We want to go on record as having publicly apologized to Maria Montez for any cracks we may have made about her excessive night clubbing. We had the gal all wrong! Word has just come to us, via her press agents, that the gorgeous Maria isn't really interested in dates and boy friends. Maria's real purpose in running about, we are told, is to gather material for a book!

She's got it half-finished, too. Titled "What I Know About Hollywood Men," it contains *two* sections on "My Experiences With Hollywood Wolves!"

Wonder how Bruce Cabot will feel when he discovers he was literally just another chapter in Maria's life!

Gratitude Zero

Don't talk charity to the shapely, G-stringed maidens at Earl Carroll's theater-restaurant. After the way their last effort backfired, they'll leave the "help thy neighbor" stuff to long-haired missionaries and saintly spinsters!

It seems the girls read in the papers, recently, that poor Mae West didn't have a cent. In the courtroom where her troublesome husband, Frank Wallace, was suing her for non-support, Mae had confided in a sympathetic judge that she and cash were absolute strangers. This admission of poverty went right to the Carroll cuties' heartstrings. Wiping the tears from their mascara, they quickly shot a wire to Mae offering to toss a huge benefit show with all proceeds to go to the depleted West coffers. So what happened? The following morning came a return wire:

"Don't believe all you read in the papers," it said. "I am not broke. I am only down to my last few millions. After Wallace's lawyer tried to check on my properties, annuities, stocks, bonds and jewels and couldn't get very far, he finished up by asking me how much cash I had with me. I told him none. And I didn't. I never carry any!

"The papers picked up my remark saying I had no cash. That's how the report that I was broke started. But you know me, kids. I'm no sucker. If you still want to give me something, you can give me a nice new scissors—to clip my coupons!

"I'm getting rather tired now, girls, writing out this telegram. A forty carat hunk of ice is weighing down my third finger!

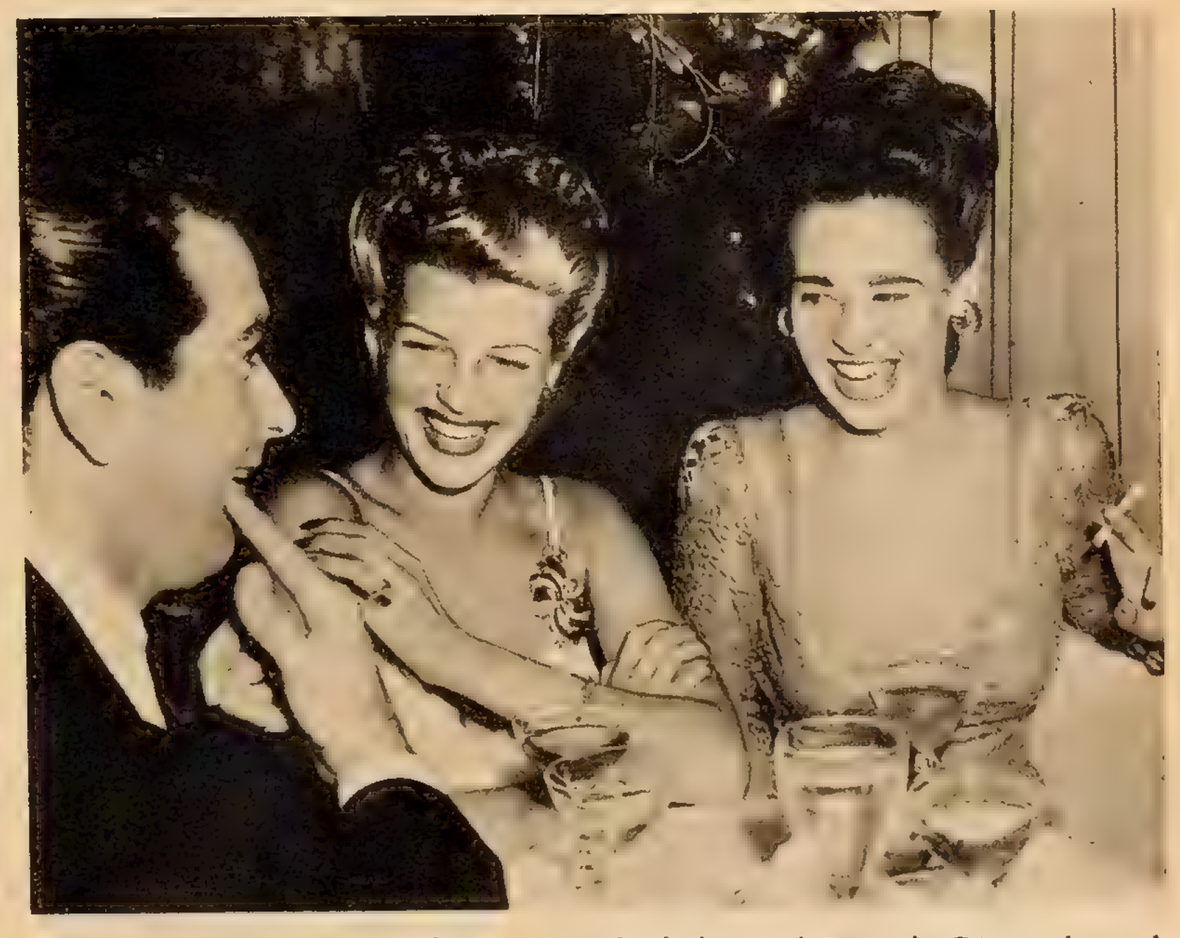
"Thanks anyway, and I'll be over to see you sometime. . . . MAE"

John Hubbard

"My first romance came to a dead stop before I was 6," John Hubbard reminisces. "Ran into a little difficulty with my big brother who could lick me with one fist tied behind his back." Then beams, "Romance No. 2 sprawled over a full 9 years . . . with the knot finally tied in 1938." Thumbnail-sketches his generously curved, generous-hearted wife tersely. "She smokes . . . drinks sparingly . . . wears her hair long . . . keeps her nails and her personality shining bright. She's strictly my idea of how not to be bored on a desert island." Says her formula for hooking him ought to be pretty sound dope for other gals. "Don't giggle! Don't goggle-eye your date in hopes of a one-night conquest. Don't goo and gurgle over him. But DO be feminine. Girls who wear pants just don't get pampered." Lois must have arrived at that magic formula in second grade because it was way back then that she snagged John. But both of them were patient. It wasn't until he made good in "Dramatic School" that he made for Indiana like a homing pigeon and married Lois. Being a thoroughly domestic guy, John likes the idea of four children equally assorted . . . and throws out his chest in parental glee when chit-chat turns to his 1-year-old daughter. When he's not cooing over her, he's puttering around the house . . . "messing," he calls it . . . and chatting about little nothings with Lois whom he complains he doesn't see half enough. Sometimes their dialogue breaks up at dawn . . . but only when he's 'twixt pictures. Otherwise he crawls under the covers at 9:30 on the nose and stays there until 5 A.M. He insists, "Acting's my purpose in life . . . wouldn't give it up if I had a bank account with 6 zeros in it. Being somewhat of a contradiction myself, I'd give my eye-teeth to do a split-personality job like 'Jekyll and Hyde. To avoid news-blues, I only glance at headlines but literally live from one 'Flash Gordon' to another." Won't jump through hoops to get himself into print, either . . . definitely a hush-man when it comes to his private doings. Six ft. tall and a lean 165 pounds, he looks



After home-loving Costello's N. Y. opening, he and wife checked into a hostelry, arose at 4 A.M. and cabbed out to Paterson, N. J. All so's he could sleep under his own roof!



That cozy twosome Gloria Vanderbilt and Pat deCicco break night club curfew laws right and left when 17-yr.-old Gloria stays out till the wee small hours. Above, with Rita Hayworth.

GOOD NEWS

CONTINUED

athletic . . . outdoorish. Actually, he's rarely stirred to physical activity . . . and then with a violence that borders on madness. Long a devotee of bull-fighting, he tussles with a phony bull on wheels insisting, "It's really awfully dangerous. Look at those horns . . . bigger than real ones." Adds, "I also mess with flying, singing and weight-lifting, filling in with golf and badminton. By popular demand I gave up the piano and concentrated on baseball and hookie." That was only after Mother Hubbard dismissed it as a bad job. "Couldn't bother with notes," says John. "Played by ear but it used to get in Mom's hair . . . and then she'd get in mine with a firm hold and forcibly remove me from the piano." Loves music, though. Bows low to Artie Shaw but takes Tschaikowsky's "Fourth" in his stride. Thinks the latter, plus "Tom Sawyer," would be his choice if he had to Robinson Crusoe it. Adds, "In a spot like that I'd prefer the rich, full-bodied perfume of steak to Chanel No. 5." In nostalgic moments he tells the story of how life with father got tough when 11-year-old John got the nicotine-urge. "Then and there, Dad staged a smoker . . . handed me a big black cigar and said, 'Go to it, Johnny-boy!' The hangover lasted 5 years!"

Short Shots

Gary Cooper's friends are dubbing him Cupid. He's studying bow and arrow technique with famed archer Howard Hill . . . Rita Hayworth modestly credits her success to the good-luck caul which covered her head when she was born . . . Lloyd Nolan's next vacation will take him to the Pribilhof (no kidding!) Islands in the Bering Sea. He's signed up as deck hand on the seal-hunting schooner, "Penguin" . . . Rudy Vallee keeps an indexed file of his lady friends' photos. When he expects a femme visitor he wades through his collection and sets the proper portrait on his piano. The lovely lady, flattered as all get-out, invariably swoons into his waiting arms . . . Gloria Vanderbilt, all set to write a daily newspaper column called "Facts and Chatter," had the stunt nixed by the family lawyer. . . . Horsy, outdoorsy Gene Autry haunts antigue shops looking for dainty music boxes . . . There's a second Dolores in Orson Welles' life. Dolores Costello has been awarded the lead in Orson's next production, "The Magnificent Ambersons." He tested her from nine o'clock one evening till five o'clock the next morning before handing her the part . . . In ten Hollywood years, Guy Kibbee has never owned an overcoat. When he treks into the no'th country, he borrows Oliver Hardy's . . . Tony Martin is even tops with his draft board. They rate him 1A and he'll be the next "name" to slip into khaki . . . Cobina Wright, Jr., will soon present hubby Corporal Beaudette with a sweater knitted by her own tiny hands. Funny thing is, it's the same one she started last year for Prince Phillip of Greece . . . Norma Shearer's literary chum, Erich Remarque, is a 20th century version of a man without a country. Recently denied German citizenship, he's feverishly at work applying for U. S. papers in Los Angeles courts . . . A huge package containing six loving cups landed on buxom Jane Russell's front doorstep the other morning. Postmarked "U. S. Navy," the accompanying note came from gobs who had picked her as "the girl we'd most like to have waiting for us in every port" . . . Ann Sheridan, once voted "least likely to succeed" by the snooty Harvard Advocate, has been named honorary editor of that crimson (but literally!) sheet along with Prexy James Bryant Conant!

Business Comes First

That's what Marlene Dietrich and hubby Rudolf Seiber alibied when queried on their 2-year separation. Upon her arrival in Manhattan a few weeks ago, she rushed into his arms, painted the town red with him during her stay there. Daughter Maria, who's long been yearning to make a movie, will face her first klieg this winter!

Vanished Glory

When Ramon Novarro retired in 1935, he was cozily sitting on a fat $500,000 bank roll. He had plenty of fun, but he was no exception to that old saw about having your cake and eating it! Just the other day he was spending the P.M. in the Hollywood pen because he couldn't raise $150 bail. Said his lawyer who paid the $50 fine, "Novarro isn't any more busted than Mae West."

Didja Know

That W. C. Fields, who'll be 58 in January, rated a passing grade when an insurance doctor gave him a physical exam for a $50,000 policy? Later Fields told a judge he was ill when he bought the annuity, wanted it canceled because, "I'd have to live forever to break even" . . . That movie singers suck red candy drops before Technicolor close-ups? Gives their tongues the proper carmine tinge . . . That Rise Stevens' mama is tagged Sahah . . . That Annie Sheridan promises to raise an acre of mint on her new ranch—to accommodate her julep-drinking buddies . . . That correspondents from England reveal Leslie Howard is almost a grandfather . . . That there will be no more dog-at-fireplug scenes flashed on your neighborhood theater screen? The Hays Office has given the routine its official scowl!

That Cash and Carry, widely used in magazines and newspapers to describe Barbara Hutton and Cary Grant, appeared *first* in this column in November, 1940 . . . That on Uncle Sam's records, Joel McCrea is listed as a farmer, not as an actor . . . That funnyman Lou Costello will godfather Joe DiMaggio's expected heir . . . That



Two of the town's most popular kids-about-town, Geo. Montgomery and Lana Turner. Geo. used to be a Hollywood bartender, but neither touches the stuff nor smokes these days!



Martha O'Driscoll (who's taken on false curls and glamour) with Edw. Ashley. She's just bought her first home, a farm at Toluca Lake! Lives with her mom and kid brother.

Rags Ragland lunches on a glass of bourbon and wheaties . . . That Mary Brian, testing at Warners, is expected to make a sensational comeback . . . That Ann Sheridan, working in "Juke Girl," refers to herself as "Jerk" girl . . . That Mrs. Henry Fonda has just returned from Mexico City where Diego Rivera spent a month painting her portrait . . . That Arthur Treacher's friends call him "Pip" . . . That Milton Berle is the proud owner of a specially built trailer, equipped with portable shower bath—a gift from his Mama . . . That everytime Mrs. Albert Dekker has a baby, Mr. Albert Dekker buys a new pup to grow up with the child . . . That Jackie Cooper signs his checks, Jack R. Cooper—the "R" standing for Richard after his idol, Richard Dix . . . That tough, hard-bitten Brian Donlevy scribbles poetry between takes?

Income Tactics

"Them that has, gits" is no idle phrase in Hollywood! Did you know stars augment their salaries by renting personal belongings to studios? When Metro was on the hunt for a particular kind of horse to be used in a Tarzan picture, Bob Taylor rented his own four-footer at a figure which kept the animal in alfalfa for a year!

Even little Shirley Temple picks up a juicy bit of ice cream money via the rental route. She loans out pets from her menagerie at a tidy fee.

However, when it comes to these lend-lease deals, the undisputed champ is Paulette Goddard. That girl *must* have been born under the dollar sign! At this writing, her ultra swank mink coat, a gift from a doting admirer, trots home to its mistress with 200 studio smackers a week!

Pins and Needles

Every woman who's ever moaned about not having "a thing to wear" is going to fall flat on her face when she hears that svelte, clothes-conscious Gene Tierney gave away all her gorgeous dresses the day after her marriage to Count Oleg Cassini!

For weeks now, Gene's been running around in a tired-looking cotton frock, shocking fashion editors who call for interviews and offering no explanation to her embarrassed studio.

The truth, as always, is simple. Now that she's married to Dress Designer Cassini, Gene will wear nothing but Cassini-designed costumes. And Oleg has been so busy creating clothes for her screen roles, he hasn't had a chance to work on her personal wardrobe.

"We're going to tear into some things as soon as my current picture is finished," Gene says. And pridefully, "Then everyone will see how really gifted my Oleg is!"

Fashion Notes

Admittedly it's a fight to the finish between New York and Hollywood for the title "world's fashion center." But one look at filmdom in its finery ought to flatten the most dyed-in-the-wool Manhattaner with envy! There's been nothing like the Hollywood street scene since pre-war Parisian days . . . Style-setter Joan Bennett Mata Hari-ing it in a slinky Chinese orchid brocade with daring slit skirt . . . Annie Sheridan defying every known law of gravitation with two feather birds perched on a bronze velvet draped turban. One winged creature doing a power dive from the top; the other swooping up toward her left temple. Ann claims she doesn't give a fig for fashion but completely fell for this one while modeling it for a magazine cover. Has ordered two more exactly like it, one in emerald green for her purple dress, another in Paradise blue to set off her favorite black . . . Out-blazing all the stop lights in town, Ida Lupino in her new firemen's red double-breasted greatcoat, with vent back. Keeps it simple with a little matching red cap perched on the back of her head . . . Mrs. Herb Marshall tying up traffic on Hollywood Boulevard in a blue and green nubby woolen plaid with tremendous raglan sleeves and widely flaring hemline . . . Rita Hayworth, original as usual, adding a sable collar to lift her three-quarter length evening wrap out of the common ermine herd!

Here's a hint to you gals who must do or die with one good dress . . . Take it from Pat Dane, M-G-M newcomer who literally lives in one favorite black basic job of simple cut. With it she sports gorgeous lids so varied as to change the entire ap- (*Continued on page 68*)



That social lion Bobby Stack and Annie Rutherford at Ciro's. During the Archduke Felix of Austria's lecture tour of the West Coast, Bobby and his mom were his exclusive hosts!



West Coast torridest romance to date is that of Laraine Day and songster Ray Hendricks. Opening of new night club Café Society drew one of biggest crowds of the season.



The Pat O'Briens (she's Eloise Taylor, actress) will celebrate their 10th anniversary on Jan. 23rd. Both adore their three adopted kids, Mavourneen, 7; Sean, 3, and baby Terrence!



CO-ED

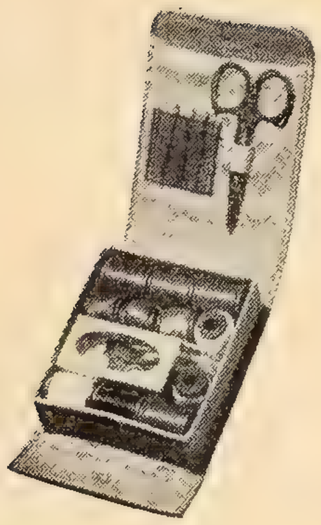
Comes a time in every woman's life when she's too big to run to mother with all her problems. Here's our answer—Judy Garland's darling mom, Mrs. Gilmore, who's promised to fairy-godmother for us every issue!

When Judy heard I was going to write a column she insisted the first subject should be, "How to get your man." Maybe that's because, being married only a few months, she felt qualified to give me a few pointers. Sue, my other daughter who is engaged to a draftee, thinks what to wear and how to behave when you visit an army camp would be a good beginning and very timely. I'm ignoring them both, and this will be a sort of general first aid chat. I'll get specific in succeeding months.

First of all, every girl wants more than anything else to be popular. But how to go about it? By being friendly, interesting, and just as attractive as we can be with the material at hand. That's honestly all there is to it, and you can begin getting that way instantly. Start in on the family with the friendliness angle and watch it become a habit. When your mother wakes you in the morning, don't greet her with a grouch and a grunt. Start the day with a "Morning, Mom, are you as pert as you look this bright and sunny day!" Go out of your way to be nice to little brother, no matter how much it may hurt sometimes. He presents a marvelous opportunity for the development of tact and patience. And how about practicing a line on your Dad? If you're shy and tongue-tied around the boys, a bit of breakfast banter with Father will give you the masculine angle on things. Furthermore, this unexpected attention will make him glow, and in a few days he'll be asking you to the Army-Navy game. If you've made a previous date to shop with the girls, break it. Go and learn all you can about football. Dad won't mind answering silly questions, and it'll give you a good background for the game you'll attend with your favorite beau.

Explore this famous man's world a bit and acquire at least a nodding acquaintance with sports, books, music, world events. Know who won the World Series, and that Koussevitsky is an orchestra conductor not a Notre Dame end. Suddenly, you'll find yourself not only getting interesting but interested. A million new vistas will open up to you, and you'll be paving the way to a well-balanced and happy life . . . Just two words of caution before we get on to beauty. Don't turn into a limelight snatcher and don't concentrate on just dazzling the stagline, completely forgetting the female contingent. Popularity with the girls is every bit as important (*Continued on page 82*)

WHAT SHALL I GIVE HIM?





You mean that boy in the army or navy, don't you?

● He may be your best beau and then again he may be just the boy who lived next door. Anyway, you're going to send him something for Christmas, and you wonder what!

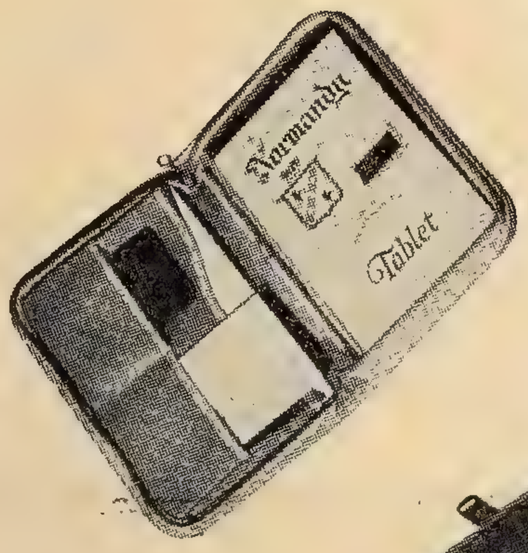
We've been doing some sleuthing on our own and got an earful from several Hollywood leading men, now working for Uncle Sam. In true army and navy fashion they refuse to be quoted, but we *can* tell you this—they all agree that the boys hate to be made conspicuous. So forget that beautiful leather job you've been eying for weeks and concentrate on something khaki for the army and don't turn up your nose at sewing kits for they do use 'em.

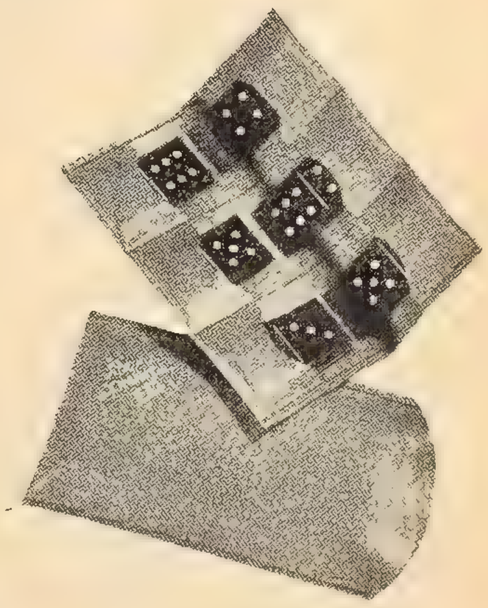


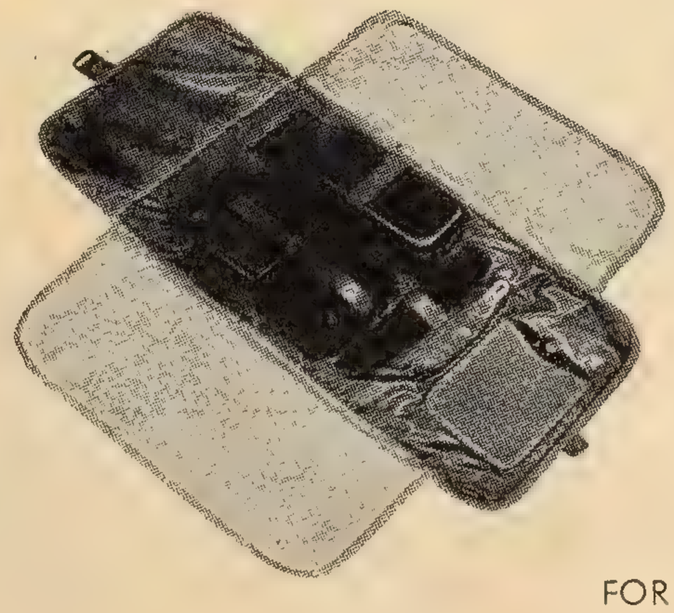
Now for the navy. Without benefit of any cosy U.S.O. headquarters at sea, the navy spends its off-duty hours with deck sports, movies every night and games. They go in for bridge, backgammon and chess as well as just plain dice. So consider games—ones that won't upset at every lurch of the ship.

Here are enough ideas to Christmas-cheer a dozen boys who used to live next door as well as your o. a. o. (one and only). So it's up to you!











FOR GIFT INFORMATION TURN TO PAGE 81

SIX SECRETS FOR SANTA

If you're half as good as the stars at wheedling Santa into Christmas whims, you'll do all right. Here's a peek at some of his personal correspondence from Hollywood.

SANTA DARLING:

Far be it from me to complain—BUT—the fact I go gaga over ice and snow doesn't mean I want to find embroidered mittens in EVERY package. No sir, Santa. I like to choose my own ice trappings, but to see me REALLY swoon give me a divine new bag. Oh, yes, and a frame for you-know-who's picture. Could you arrange it?

Affectionately,

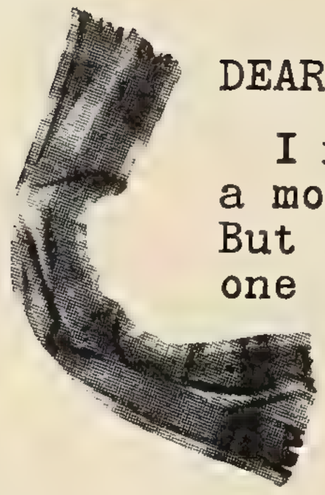
Bonita Granville



Here's a red one in corduroy.

Something new—it'll hold his picture, too.





DEAR SANTA:

I feel as though I ought to keep quiet like a mouse and ask for nary a thing this year! But if you insist you're in the giving mood, one of the new scarfs would do very nicely.

Thank you so much,

Carol Bruce



Two plaids—a wool for day and chiffon for night. But I've much more in mind for you.

WHY NOT . . .

- Scatter sequin butterflies from the five and dime on your black velvet wrap.
- Wear a red heart on the back of your head—stitched to the crown of a white pompadour pillbox.
- Jump on the band wagon! One if wide, three if narrow. In black taffeta or bright red, blue and green, on a full-skirted date dress. Match a faille bag to one of the bands.
- Wear white, the pet of the season. An icecream wool for suit or dirndl.
- Make your own sparkle scarf—sew purple sequins on a green wool square.

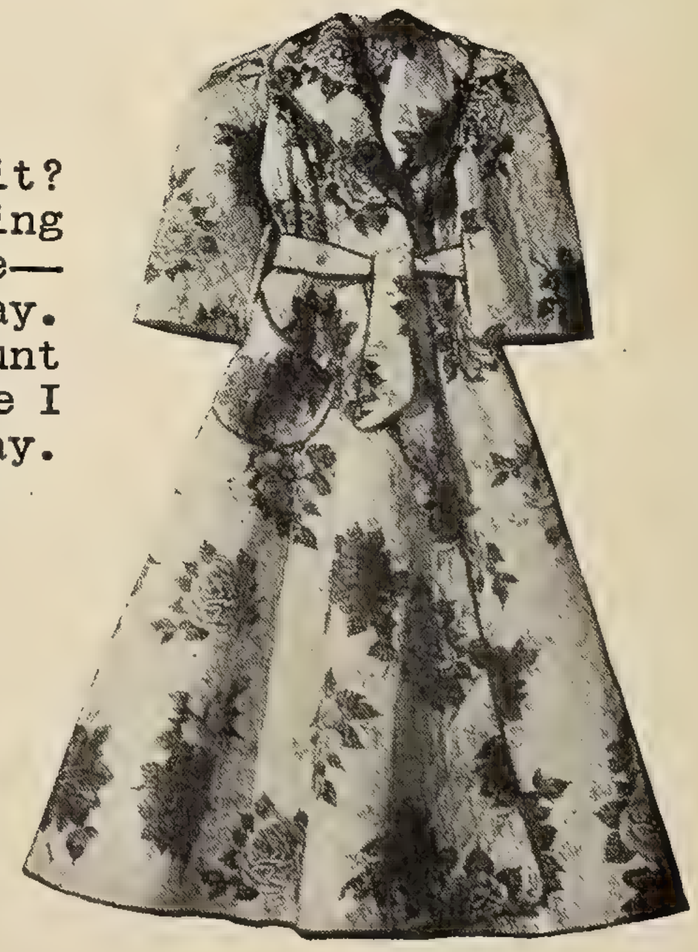
SANTA DEAREST:

Funny how you change, isn't it? F'r instance this year everything I want seems to be for the house—like the clock I saw the other day. But Bill and I want to treasure hunt together. What you can do is see I get a new housecoat, bright and gay.

Most gratefully,

Brenda Marshall

Lots of happiness, Brenda, and here's a robe splashed with roses.





BY ELIZABETH WILLGUSS

HELLO SANTA:

I want so many things I don't know where to begin. A ski suit, for example. A new evening bag that glitters. Some more bracelets — good, thick, chunky ones. A really super frame for Dave's picture. A light and foamy cardigan. I could go on and on, but this will give you an idea.

Forever yours,

Judy Garland





You'll get them all, but, meanwhile, these are a start.



SANTA DEAR:

What the world would do without you, I can't imagine! When you come to my name in your little book, jot down a J. That's it, a J for JET jewelry, sizzling with drama.

As always,

Lana Turner

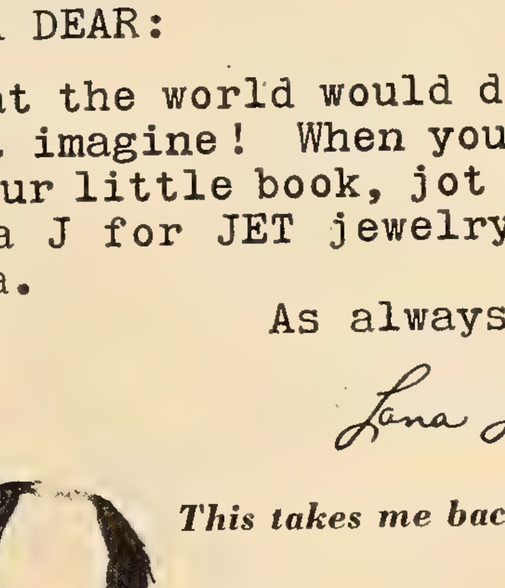
This takes me back to the old days.

SANTA OL' DEAR:

You've guessed it. Six white blouses . . . to wear with suits. Tailored, yes, but not dull. You know, stitching and tucks here and there. Six white blouses. The sophisticated luxury of it all!

Thanks a million,

Veronica Lake





Here are two out of six.

STARS IN FASHION . . .

- Joan Bennett sports a huge gold heart clip with "I Love You" scrawled in diamonds.
- Maureen O'Sullivan cuts her old lace into lengths and wears it Mexican fashion, as a wrap. Have you any old lace lying about?
- Pat Dane goes for the sombrero of the South American gaucho. Hers, a shiny replica with tiny dangling balls!
- Loretta Young never forgets the flattery of pearls with black. Her newest black crepe is pearl-embroidered.
- Irene Dunne sophisticates the middy-blouse in a stunning lame dinner gown.

For further fashion information turn to page 81

THEY LIVE WITH THEIR BOOTS ON

(*Continued from page 29*)

"Poor old Dismal Durham? Oh, it was blitzed ages ago. We weren't in it at the time, were down staying with Ralph Richardson, who's in the Staff Office of the Fleet Air Arm. But our friends Ursula Jeans and Roger Livesey were there and spent the night mostly under the kitchen table. It was blast, not a direct hit, but—you remember that glass roof?" (We did, and the dreary, dark back-yard and the sad clematis Larry was trying to grow between the stones) "Of course that all came down into Ursula's dresses and over the furniture, and it was a frightful mess. We had to take everything out, though the house is still standing. All the ceilings and carpets were ruined."

AT this point the Minion put his head round the door again and told Vivien they had nearly finished That Bit on the stage, and she had better come. Realizing belatedly that the talk had never got round to films at all, we asked her, as we made for the stage door and our old friends, the buckets of ice, whether she or her husband had any film plans in mind. No, she assured us, not a thing. She hardly saw any pictures these days, she said, except "Lady Hamilton," which Larry had taken her to by main force, and Leslie Howard's "Pimpernel Smith," which was really her favorite film. For entertainment, she said, she and Larry went to vaudeville. Anything to laugh. . . .

Meanwhile, our spies suggest that if Vivien does relent and do anything on the screen this year, it may be (a) Shaw's "Caesar and Cleopatra" (b) Daphne du Maurier's new novel, "Frenchman's Creek" or (c) "Jane Eyre," for which she has always had a hankering.

The next on our list of inquiries was David Niven, whom we very fortunately encountered in Claridge's. And when we say fortunately, we mean fortunately, for David is probably the most elusive of all the film stars in England.

A soldier by training and tradition—for all his people are Army people—he came home to join one or other of the Services. He had a yen for the R.A.F., having flown back from France to England in the bottom of a bomber, disguised as a mail-bag or something and surrounded by what he called "perfect Dawn Patrol types." But old habit overruled this romantic dream, and he became a soldier in the Rifle Brigade. He became a soldier with such zeal that he has risen to the rank of Major and married a Commandant in the A.T.S. The Army owns him, body and soul. Film executives may tear their hair and chew on their cigars, but David Niven remains quite unperturbed. He is perfectly ready to make a picture, if the Army gives him leave. But in the meantime, he is Somewhere on Operations, Somewhere on Manoeuvres, Somewhere on a Special Roving Commission. Tracked down for the moment and involved in a story conference, he suddenly looks at his wristwatch, raises those five sardonic lines on his forehead and says, "Sorry, I'm on duty. I've got to go." And he goes, becoming another invisible unit in the war machine. It's somehow tonic.

When caught in Claridge's, where he was lunching with non-professional friends, David Niven looked the perfect hero of a service film, brown as a nut, lean and smart in his uniform with a green cord on the shoulder, which looked fine but didn't mean a thing to our lay mind. He was nonchalant, gay and friendly, and used a lot of Army slang, particularly the address, "Chum," picked up from the Australians, we gather. Occasionally he would flip a penny idly across his knuckles, the way he learned to do for "Eternally Yours."

He was palpably unwilling to talk about films, being far more interested in His Men, meaning, we suppose, his regiment or whatever a Major in the Rifles has, and what good boys they were, and how they had been escorting a convoy past a popular race-course the other day, and what they said to him, and what he said to them, and what happened, and what were the odds on the winner.

He admitted, though, that he had leave to make one film, and that the film when it came off, would be "The First of the Few," Leslie Howard's biography of R. J. Mitchell, the Spitfire inventor. Leslie himself produces, directs and plays the Mitchell part, starting on locations Monday. David is to be the test pilot who becomes a Schneider Cup winner and goes through the whole tale, flying successive models of the Spitfire and falling for all the girls as he goes along, until he sobers up at forty and finds his affinity in the Boss's secretary.

NO date has yet been fixed for David Niven's arrival on the floor. It happens, or so we suppose, in His Majesty's good time. We have it hard, though, from Leslie's sister and business manager, Irene Howard, that "The First of the Few" will be Niven's first ex-army date. No one has anything hard from Leslie himself. He is as vague and disarming as Niven: an infuriating and irresistible pair. Old friends in Hollywood, they carry on their absurdly off-hand association here. When they confer on the telephone, they address each other as Slingsby and Trubshaw, wholly imaginary characters. No one yet has been able to discover, and we fancy both Leslie and David have forgotten the primeval origins of Trubshaw and Slingsby.

In passing we would note that it's funny the way Leslie Howard creeps into this story, which didn't set out to be about him at all. Actually, though we should hate to make an issue of it, Leslie Howard is just about the most significant film figure in England at this moment. That vague, retiring, forty-plus-something star, with his tired old clothes and horn-rimmed spectacles, can be found at the end of every avenue, behind every significant movement in this country. We suppose he has vision or something. Certainly he has loyal friends and valuable connections. What is more important to us, he has integrity. We have known Leslie for fifteen years, and in all that time we have never heard anyone, anyone for whom we had the slightest respect, criticize him adversely.

Vivien and Larry thought his film, "Pimpernel Smith," the best they had ever seen. David Niven prefers to work for him. Young Richard Greene, our fourth quarry, turns out to have been an old friend of Leslie's in Hollywood. He can't keep him out of the conversation. When the army swallowed up Trooper Greene a year ago, only Leslie Howard could have told the film world where he was. But Leslie didn't.

We got Richard Greene's own story in a dressing-room at Denham, where he is spending his first army leave making a Fleet Street-Dunkirk film for Columbia release, called "Unpublished Story."

Richard Greene, 2nd-Lieutenant Greene of the Royal Armoured Corps—which means Tanks—is a young man to whom, if we were a man and had one, we should solemnly remove our hat. The baby of our homing film stars, with most of his friends and what looked like all his future career in Hollywood, he almost certainly feels the break in his life more than the others.

He hadn't David Niven's traditional army background to pull him home. He hasn't the Oliviers' green-room circle, their stage detachment from screen affairs, their unbroken threads of interest just waiting to be picked up again, war or no war. Richard Greene was only nineteen when he left England to go to 20th Century-Fox and "Four Men and a Prayer." He had never made a film. The most noteworthy thing he had done in his own country was to model for a popular advertisement of hair-cream. The posters still haunt him, a little fly-blown now, prewar and incredibly young. He looks at them with malice. His imitation of a smiling youth pouring cream on his hair is vicious, a joy to behold. He hates the stuff, he says bitterly, would like to put it on record that he never used it.

Richard Greene was very happy in Hollywood, and it meant a big decision for him to throw it all up and come home and join the Army. He slipped out of Hollywood, he says, with only two people knowing where he had gone. (One, which argues hard sense, we feel, was a member of the publicity department. The other was not specified, and we were far too tactful to ask.) He ducked the English ship-news reporters and vanished, just vanished into thin air. An aunt in Kensington ("No one has more aunts than me," says Richard proudly) blocked a blind trail. That was September, 1940, and since then, until two weeks ago, he has simply played the Invisible Man. Here is Richard's own story.

I GOT back to England on September 6th," he says diffidently and adds, "Stop me if I'm being boring. I saw my first blitz over Liverpool from the deck of a ship. It was my first sight of England under war conditions, and I felt I was watching it all through a plate-glass window. We were twelve miles away, and it didn't seem real at all. I watched it all night, and in the morning I went ashore. We had seven alerts in Liverpool that day and several genuine raids. It was just the beginning of the blitz, and everything was chaos and confusion, nothing was sorted out properly yet. It was my first experience, not exactly of panic, for there wasn't any panic, but of emergency, of doing everything for yourself, standing on your own feet. . . .

"I can tell you it was an absolutely new experience for anyone coming from Hollywood, where everything is done for you. You had to queue up for trains. You had to wheel your own barrow with your baggage—when you could find it. I don't believe I should ever have got my baggage through, but finally a porter recognized me and got my stuff into the station master's office. Our train was due out at 11:15 p.m., but just as dusk came on—that was my first experience of the black-out—the sirens sounded again, and I was herded down into a funny little shelter in the station cellars until 3 a.m., when the train left, four hours late.

(*Continued on page 64*)



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(*Continued from page 62*)

"We got to London in the morning, and it seemed like a different world. You wouldn't have thought anything had gone wrong with London at all. It was a lovely sunny day, and the streets were busy, full of taxis, men in uniform, everyone going about their ordinary jobs. After an hour or so in London, I felt lonely and called up Leslie Howard at his home near Dorking. It was a Saturday, and Leslie told me to come down for the week-end.

"It was while I was at the station waiting for the Dorking train that the first big London blitz started. You remember—the one that began at 4:30 in the afternoon, when they attacked the docks and lit up the fires for the night blitz. That night Leslie and Ruth Howard and I drove up to the top of Box Hill and watched the blaze over London. I can tell you it made me pretty mad.

"That was Saturday, September 7th. On that Monday I came up to London with Leslie, and we took a flat on the top floor of a block in Chelsea. That night they nearly got us. The bomb went right through the other wing of the building, and there was dust and a nasty choky smell and lots of smoke. I've been through a lot of London blitzes since then, but that was the closest I ever had. It's a bad script really, you know, getting over my biggest thrill in the first three days here. I suppose it initiated me or something. Anyhow, I didn't have much time to think. I joined up on the Thursday. On Friday the 13th—my lucky day—I went down to my unit in Surrey for three months.

"It's hard to explain, but living down there I felt right out of the world. I was just a trooper, part of the army, completely cut off from the people I knew in private life. I never thought of getting to a telephone and calling them up. I used to go to the local pub at night with the boys. Beyond a few people who would have been awkward in any case about me being a film star—you know the sort—everyone was grand. You can live down all these things, you know, even a film reputation. . . . These things are only a handicap if you *assume* them as a handicap. . . . Luckily the barmaid recognized me, and that was often a help.

"I was lavatory man for a week, swilling cigarette ends, polishing the brasses, all the rest of it. After a time I was recommended for a commission, and I went up to Sandhurst, where I had measles twice in five months, English and German type, with a week off between. I was really damned ill. I spent Christmas with the Howards. Then I got my commission and managed to get up to London every now and then.

"There were changes in London, of course, since that September day when I got home, but I loved every minute of it. I can't help feeling that London's absolutely at its best just now—living in its greatest moment of time. Sometimes I think that if I live to be a hundred, I shall never get that same kick out of London again. It's silly, I suppose, but when I remember London evenings spent with friends in the middle of the blitz, nothing else seems to matter much. I spent all my army leaves in London. It's a funny thing, I couldn't tear myself away. I'm not one of the cool collected sort who like bombs, but I somehow felt that if I didn't stick it, I should look back with a kind of grudge against myself for the rest of my life. Those *were* great days."

We asked Richard Greene about his re-entry into films, and he said, well, the idea cropped up just before he got his commission. March it must have been. "It happened quite informally," he said, "over a friendly chat. Somebody said to me, 'By the way, a friend of mine, Tony Havelock Allen, Valerie Hobson's husband, is going to make a picture about Fleet Street during the blitz. Would you be interested in playing lead?' Honestly, I hadn't given a thought to films up till then. I had scarcely realized there *was* a different life from the army. But I thought to myself, 'Well, you're going to be an officer, it would be grand to have a bit of money in the old kitty, enough to pay the mess bill and buy the Colonel that drink.' So gradually the thing materialized, and here I am."

Richard Greene plays a tough type in "Unpublished Story," a war correspondent who comes back from Dunkirk and breaks up a Fifth Column Peace Plot. Valerie Hobson plays opposite him, as the fashion editress who gets onto straight reporting when the bombed office tumbles about her ears.

Second Lieutenant Greene has a couple of rooms in a private house near Denham Studios, goes to see every picture he can—("I didn't see any when I was in the ranks, it made me homesick")—and likes "Rage in Heaven," "The Letter" and "A Woman's Face" best of what he has seen. Asked whether he has any message for the film-going public, he says, yes, he would like to put it on record about not using that hair-cream, and also that he thinks he has profited immensely by what he has been through. "I'm glad I have had this year of war," he says. "I wouldn't have it any other way. In many ways this business has done a lot of people, myself included, a great deal of good." The war's so short, he says, that he doesn't want to waste any of it making a second film. Then he adds, diffidently, that he'd like to go out and drive a tank in Libya.

TOO MANY HUSBANDS

(*Continued from page 37*)

you're a different guy—or fondly imagine you are.

"It doesn't matter what your job is," said John, "if you're interested in it, you're apt to take it home with you. You talk about it. You relate how you did this or that. There's a lot of 'ham' in everybody, not just actors. Only actors are lucky enough to get paid for it.

"Do you know what I did with the first big dough I made in Hollywood? For years, I had been sleeping cramped—or else with my feet sticking out six inches past the footboard. I made up my mind I was going to be comfortable at last. So I went down and bought the biggest bed ever made.

"I'm always going overboard on clothes—but there's no reason for that. When I'm not working, you'll find me in sweaters and slacks. I don't dress up when I don't have to. But instead of going out and buying two suits at a time, I go out and buy *five,* all dark colors. I've got about twenty or twenty-five suits, and I never wear any of them. I keep alibiing to anyone who's interested that I've got to keep up my screen wardrobe. And then I get another script that has me in costume. I haven't been able to wear my own clothes in the last four pictures."

He usually tries to get his hands on the script about three weeks before he goes into a role—so that he can do a lot of worrying in advance about every scene.

Love scenes, too—?

"Well, yes and no," he said. "Love scenes are part of the job. But usually," he admitted, "they're fun. Any guy's a liar who says he doesn't like to kiss a pretty girl. That's the easiest thing in the world to do—especially when you get paid for it."

Most people insist on feeling sorry for Hollywood husbands and wives on the grounds that they give so much of themselves to their work, they don't have anything left for each other. What about that—?

"Listen," said John, "I don't give any more of myself to my job than an airplane worker gives to his.

"Music is important to me. I've been studying music since I was a punk. I used to do a lot of orchestral arranging and tune-writing—and I still do some, because I get a kick out of it. I usually inflict them on Anne for her opinion. She says, once in a while, 'That one's good!' But I don't know. She's the girl who hums Grieg's Concerto off-key. Every time she does it, I see red. 'Listen, honey,' I tell her, 'Grieg did all right. Why don't you leave him alone?' And then she sees red.

"A musician—even a musician of sorts—is a hard man to get along with. Only I simplify life for people around me by not putting on a one-man jam session more than a couple of times a week. And then only when I'm alone.

"It would be bad enough if I were just a tunesmith, but I'm a would-be short-story writer, too. It's always a toss-up, which one is going to burn the midnight electricity. Sometimes they both stay up. The musician will sit down at the piano and say, 'I want you to hear this,' and go into a concert—until suddenly the writer will say, 'Bub, you've got me in just the right mood for that story I've been thinking about. Now would you mind disappearing?' This writer guy has to be alone to work, too.

"I'm inclined to be a very thorough worrier. If today stinks for me, the whole week stinks. I have three or four ways to try to pull myself out of it."

One of the ways is to be athletic—which brought up the subject of the up-and-at-'em guy, the strenuous type.

"If I don't keep fit," he said, "I don't feel good. When I'm making a picture, I work out every morning in the pint-sized gym I had built in the house. When I'm not working, I get outdoors. I shoot some golf and play tennis and go swimming in the ocean. I take long walks and long horseback rides. Sometimes Anne wonders if she understands this side of me. 'Do you have to be so rugged?' she'll ask. 'I never exercise, and I'm healthy.' The funny thing is, I can't argue that point. She doesn't exercise, and she is healthy.

"If my passion for the outdoors staggers Anne, her passion for night clubs staggers me. She loves 'em. She loves to get me into a tuxedo. I'll tell her, 'Honey, you dress up in your finest, but I'll settle for a dark suit.'

"However, I enjoy night clubs on Saturday night—because Anne doesn't mind being awakened at the crack of dawn

when I get up to go horseback-riding."

And how about Lazy John—the opposite of the strenuous athlete? What was he like?

"Well, he's a difficult sort. The black sheep of the bunch. He comes around about once a year—usually when hot weather sets in—and everybody's glad he doesn't show up oftener.

"When he takes over, I can't even find the energy to pick up the telephone. I don't want to talk to people. To get away, I go hunting—and I don't fire the gun once. I go fishing and never bait the hook. I go down to the beach for a swim and end up just lying in the sand. I don't touch the piano. I don't take the case off the typewriter. I sit and read. I sit and dream. I sit and think about places where I'd go—sometime. And I sleep and sleep and sleep."

But that other guy, the one who liked to laugh—he couldn't be so difficult.

"I don't know about that," said John. "Under his influence, I tell the corniest jokes, which I remember for years and embellish a trifle with each retelling.

"However, nobody has to be on guard against my pulling practical jokes. I'm not much of a comic myself—but I'm a sucker for anyone who is. Abbott and Costello kill me. So does Jack Oakie. And so do a dozen others like Benny and Hope. That wonderful harmless humor of theirs can bend me double any time."

He thought of the guy who argued too much. "Sometimes I wonder if I'll ever learn to keep my mouth shut."

And, by the way, what was he like as a husband—?

"Why should I lead with my chin? No man can ever tell that for himself. You have to let results do the talking. And Anne and I get along fine."

He isn't hard to please. He has simple tastes—in food, in surroundings (his house is a small French Provincial), in practically everything else. But he doesn't assume that other people are easy to please.

He likes his job and he works hard at it. He'd like to last a long time at it if he can. In everything else, he's easy-going. He's a good loser at tennis, golf and gin rummy.

No matter how late he goes to bed, he likes to get up early. It's a hangover from his boyhood on a Virginia farm. To him, early morning is the best part of the day.

He's modest, no publicity hound. If he makes a mistake, he's the first one to point it out. If someone else makes a mistake, he's the last one to mention it.

No matter what he might tell you himself, all those seven or eight Johnny Paynes add up to one swell guy!

• • •

HOLLYWOOD SMALL FRY

There was the night that "The Wizard of Oz" opened at Grauman's Chinese Theater. Most of the movie stars brought their children to give them a treat. After the picture was over a radio announcer stopped Joan Bennett to ask her what her daughter, Melinda, thought of "The Wizard of Oz." Little Melinda answered, "I didn't like it. It's for children."

My favorite kid story concerns the time George S. Kaufman was on his way to Hollywood. It was Christmas week, and he knew that he would have to buy a Christmas present for the small son of a certain actor, if only for appearances sake. Kaufman turned to Moss Hart and asked, "What can I buy the kid that he can hurt himself with?"

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VOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

(*Continued from page 33*)

On the set of "Captains of the Clouds," Dennis and Cagney used to chew the fat about their respective childhoods. They were both fistic experts—but Jim fought for self-preservation, Dennis for fighting's sake. To his mother's disgust, he wrested from his gang the title of Toughie Morner. "I hafta fight," he explained, "else they'd call me sissy for singin'."

It was a pleasant uneventful boyhood—swimming hole, sand-lot baseball, hunting with his father from the time he could carry a gun, summers at the lumber camps his father ran. He sang for fun, but lumber was to be his living. He said nuts (to himself, being polite) when the voice coach at high school suggested the possibility of a singing career. Even after he won the state contest, he said it. Shy about his voice, he stood on the platform, eyes down and sang Under the Wide and Starry Sky. There was a hush before the applause thundered, and Lillian ran backstage, eyes streaming, convinced that the voice coach wasn't so dumb. Dennis laughed.

BY now these two were head over ears in love. Pursuing private inquiries, Dennis had discovered that the Poppy Girl was a senior, too, and in three of his classes. He switched programs, so they'd be in all five together. The boy she'd thought she liked, who'd gone away to college, faded from Lillian's horizon. She wasn't allowed to have dates at night, but Dennis could come over and study with her, an arrangement short of ideal, since a younger sister studied in the same room. Efforts at bribery proved fruitless. Chaperoning was fun. At five-minute intervals the little fiend would peek under the table to make sure they weren't holding hands.

At Carroll College, which they both attended, Dennis studied business administration, played football, soloed with the Glee Club, sang in local theatres and churches for extra cash. He and Lillian planned to marry as soon after graduation as they could afford it. Dennis was going to be assistant purchasing agent for a lumber firm in Milwaukee owned by a friend of his father. That was the winter of '30-'31. The firm of his father's friend collapsed. So did lumber in general. Dennis was cornered. He had to earn money, and the only thing he'd ever earned money by was singing. He applied to a local radio station and was taken on at thirty-five a week as singer, poetry-spouter and sports announcer. That settled it. Radio would be his career. He enrolled at the conservatory for intensive vocal training.

A year later he transferred to the Chicago Conservatory. An orchestra leader who heard him sing at a friend's home got him a job at the State Theatre. The manager of the Palmer House, who heard him sing at the State Theatre, asked him to audition for their swank new supper club, where he wowed the customers with his own arrangement of One Alone from "The Desert Song." "We'll give you a hundred a week," said the Palmer House.

"Okay," said Dennis, "and a week off to get married."

The wedding took place in the garden of the Vedder home. Lillian wore ivory lace, and the pesky sister was a penitent bridesmaid in green taffeta. "Be sure to speak up," Dennis had admonished his bride. "It annoys me at weddings, you never can hear the girl." The ceremony was marked by a startlingly loud response from the bride and a smothered mumble of nothing from the groom.

Life in Chicago was lovely for a year till slack season closed the Palmer House supper club, and Dennis couldn't find another job. By the time the baby was born, his father had been reduced to fishing numbers out of a hat at bank night affairs, with a song in between to tune up the crowd. Came the day when thirty cents stood between the Morgans and hunger. While Dennis went out to arrange a loan on the furniture, a ten-dollar birthday check arrived for Lillian. The financial corner had been turned. Before the ten vanished, a job appeared.

Mary Garden gave Morgan to the movies after failing in a campaign to give him to opera first. The day after he sang "Xerxes" for the University of Chicago, drawing critical raves, Mary sent for him. She'd found a backer for "Carmen" and was hunting a Don José. Dennis was elated but not nervous, being sure of himself when he sings. Anyway, he'd reached the fatalistic conclusion that a man can but do his best. Doing his best, he sang a couple of ballads and Luce Van le Stelle from "Tosca." Mary was impressed. She led him across the street to the old opera house, planted him on the stage and bade him sing the Flower Song. Italians sing the final B-flat full voice, the French sing it mezzo voce, a process involving most tenors in difficulty. Out of compliment to the French school and Miss Garden, Dennis sang it mezzo and clinched the sale. "An artist, an artist!" cried the ebullient Mary, dashing down the aisle. "This is my Don José."

HE never was, alas! The prospective angel got cold feet and flapped out of the picture. But Garden's enthusiasm for the Morgan mezzo remained undimmed. Swallowing her own disappointment like the lady she is, she arranged that Dennis should meet a vice-president of Metro. Result—test and contract. "Shall I take it?" he wired Lillian, who was visiting the folks in Wisconsin.

"If you like it, I like it," she answered. And that started the Hollywood chapter of adventure.

They drove out in an old Packard which they swear might have served as an advance model for "Grapes of Wrath." It was packed to the fenders with all they owned in the world. Dennis talked tenderly to the sick tires, hoping to cajole them to do the impossible, but they blew up. Every hundred miles one tire blew up. Almost to the fraction, they could gauge their progress by the blow-outs. Nothing daunted Dennis. Metro was waiting for him. First he patched, then he bought new tires. Having allowed no margin for new tires, their funds approached the vanishing point. Even that didn't matter, because Metro was waiting. Still, they did have to meet daily bills.

One night they stopped at a hotel instead of the usual auto camp because the baby had caught cold. Dennis, thinking how badly Metro would feel to learn of his plight, went down to the bar, strictly to ponder, which he could do for nothing.

"You seem rather down, son. What's the trouble?" He lifted his eyes to meet those of a Texas ranger, so friendly that the whole story came out. Pulling a wad from his pocket, the man peeled a hundred off and handed it over. He would take no denial, he wouldn't even take a note. Whenever Dennis finds human nature distasteful, he thinks of the Texan and recovers his balance.

Metro was waiting—with a six-week lay-off, which for all practical purposes save money, stretched to two years. He was paid, but he didn't work. The story's been told too often to bear repetition. Nelson Eddy got the singing roles. Dennis pleaded, then howled, that he didn't have to sing, he could act or turn handsprings or wiggle his ears. Pleas and howls died away together in a vacuum. Metro released him, and Paramount let him play gangsters for six months. He and Lillian were packed for departure when Warners lured him with honeyed hints of "The Desert Song." So they put him in quickies. It took Sam Wood to get him out. Recently Metro offered Warners thirty-five hundred a week for the loan of Dennis Morgan to play "Rio Rita." Dennis Morgan. You know. The guy who used to be Stanley Morner. The guy we had out here for a couple of years, but we couldn't use him then. Yeah, that one. Warners turned them down.

Lillian says Dennis has reverted to normal. He no longer gnashes his teeth or mutters in dreams that Metro's waiting for him. Just before Christmas last year they moved into their own house opposite Andy Devine's in the valley. The Devines are good neighbors. They don't kick about Dennis' vocalizing as the neighbors in Chicago did. Of course they're not quite so close.

Like the sensible parent of a child, Dennis takes care of his voice without coddling it. You don't hear him gargling all over the place or fussing about drafts. His few simple rules include a brief rest before singing and two hours of practise every day that he doesn't work. The voice, he points out, is temperamental, even when the singer isn't. If you don't watch it, it won't be there.

He's the kind of husband who has definite tastes on home decoration and his wife's clothes. Lillian meets him halfway on up, depending on circumstances. She sent back a pair of drapes he didn't like, because he had to live with them, too, and it seemed only fair. They agree that she looks best in tailored things, being tall. But he glowers at small hats, which she loves, so she keeps them for hen-parties. He hates slacks with a deep and abiding hatred. She finds them comfortable around the house. When Dennis is home, she wears skirts. She's learned about men since her bridal days when she wept because he wouldn't eat his applesauce for breakfast. "But it's good for you—" "But I don't like

UP-TO-DATE ADDRESS LIST!

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it—" "But I went to a lot of trouble making it—" "But I didn't ask you to, did I?—" We all know how it goes. She used to run home not to her mother, but to his, and even when she was wrong, Mrs. Morner took her part. She hopes she'll be wise enough to do the same when her own son marries.

They both find night clubs depressing, filled with unhappy faces. Dennis finds bridge almost equally depressing. "How many bridge players do you know who are interesting people?" he demands of his wife, who enjoys an occasional game.

"Quite a few," she returns tranquilly and names them. He still won't play bridge. His idea of a pleasant evening with friends is a barbecued dinner followed by gab. If they ask, he'll sing, being none of your coy pests. Lillian still thrills to his voice as she did when he sang Requiem for the high-school contest. Little Stan used to think no one sang like his father, till he heard John Charles Thomas. "I'm afraid he sings gooder than Daddy, Mum. Will Daddy feel bad?" Since John Charles is Dennis' singing idol, his son was rewarded for discrimination. His daughter gets rewarded just for existing. Dennis thinks she's a poem. She's also a coquette who barters kisses for presents.

TRAINED to the outdoors from childhood, he grabs what few chances he gets at hunting and fishing. For the rest, he plays tennis, swims, mows the lawn, trains with the White Sox when they come to California. He's a rabid ball fan and bats above average. In a recent game—Comedians Vs. Leads—he socked a home run over the fence. When he works, he smokes too many cigarettes, then changes to a pipe on the theory that a pipe's out most of the time.

He's got his share of those masculine quirks which keep life from getting dull. If Lillian thinks the roof needs painting, she'll choose her moment and say: "I think that's a good idea of yours, to have the roof painted—" then, while the power of suggestion is at work, "Let's do it now. Andy and Dorothy Devine just had theirs done, we could get the same man." Later Dennis surveys the fait accompli and tells her that was a good idea of his, to have the roof painted.

He likes things tidy without liking to put them away. One of his less constructive habits is slinging a damp towel over the foot of the bed. When Lillian points out the stain, someone else did it. Except for work, his sense of time is inaccurate. If he phones that he'll be home in twenty minutes, the maid says: "All right, Mr. Morgan, I'll get dinner ready for an hour from now."

He likes to bring guests home on the spur of the moment, so Lillian always plans for at least one extra. Dinner is simple—meat, two vegetables and a salad. No potatoes for Dennis, because they're fattening. Theoretically, no dessert—though he's never been known to turn down home-made chocolate ice cream.

His passion for candlelight is second only to his passion for firelight. They eat by the one and listen to records by the other. If the choice of music is left to Dennis, it's likely to be Tschaikowsky or anything John Charles Thomas sings. Another favorite diversion is reading aloud. Lillian loves it. They sit up till two or three in the morning, drinking cup after cup of tea and finishing the book.

Warners still talk of doing "The Desert Song." It's a project they remove from the shelf and dust off each year. Dennis still says he doesn't *have* to sing.

"But if anyone else gets 'The Desert Song,'" he adds thoughtfully, "*I'll* get the producer—alone—in a dark alley—"

"I'm tired of pretending..."



YOU want to be yourself! You're fed up with pretending to be gay and gurgly . . . when you're gloomy and unsure of yourself.

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GOOD NEWS

(*Continued from page 57*)

pearance of the costume and made people forget they ever saw it before . . . If you wanna snare that man of yours, wear blue and more blue, says Edward Stevenson, RKO designer. Claims you can please every last one of 'em in one good blue. On opposite side of the fence, Paulette Goddard maintains there's nothing quite like fluid-fitting gold evening gowns to put suitors in a marrying mood, i.e., that super-sirenic topaz beaded number in "The Lady Has Plans."

Brenda Marshall claims ownership of the most unusual necklace in town, but she can't wear it! To date, it's a collection of old silver dollars gathered by hubby Bill Holden while on location in New Mexico. Trouble is, it's illegal to punch holes in U. S. currency, consequently they can't find a way to hitch 'em together! Undaunted, Bill swears he's gonna bring back more for a bracelet next time he's down Mexico way!

Gene Tierney's strutting husband Count Cassini designed stuff during fittings! She's as proud as Punch of his togs, particularly adores an evening dress he's whipping up —fitted black bodice with yards and yards of pink skirt, with an all-over coverage of huge lacy black grapes! . . . During filming of "The Fleet's In" at Paramount, commissary lunchers are having the thrill of a lifetime. Just the other day, Dottie Lamour pranced in and threw them all for a loop in a wicked black beaded gown cut unprecedently low in back . . . and just as low in front!

Leave it to Orson Welles to out-originate them all! On his CBS radio show he appeared in a white terry cloth suit which he himself designed. Says it's the most comfortable thing he's ever worn, not too warm, not too cold, doesn't wrinkle, cleans easily. All the men on the show want one like it now, but Welles thinks they'll look too much like a patrol of ski troopers!

The Men In Her Life

As we go to press we learn Roz Russell has become Mrs. Freddie Brisson, and Hollywood has lost one of its most enduring Bachelor Girls. But Hollywood forgets quickly. With Roz out of the running, it will soon find another shoulder to carry the title of Number One Unmarried.

Likeliest candidate, according to the consensus, is star-eyed, 25-year-old Olivia de Havilland. Easily the most popular date in town, Olivia has successfully eluded matrimonially-minded men and today hasn't even one broken engagement to her credit.

It's a pretty sure bet that when Olivia does make her vows she will make them to a man older than herself. Though girlishly young, de Havilland has always displayed a natural bent for the polished sophisticate. Consider her single date with Bob Stack. It was just that—a single date. For repeat jobs, Olivia invariably turns to men who are ten or more years her senior.

Oddly enough, she seems to be attracted to the former husbands of fellow actresses. Until he married, Franchot Tone, a Joan Crawford ex, was her frequent companion. On her last trip East, it was Lew Ayres, one-time spouse of Ginger Rogers, who topped her date list. Gene Markey, short-lived mate of Hedy Lamarr, still writes her regularly from his naval post. And currently, Roger Pryor, returned to the ranks by Ann Sothern, is very capably filling the de Havilland "escort" bill.

True, it's almost impossible to turn around in this town without bumping into someone's divorced husband. But Olivia doesn't use the bumping process to meet her men. They seek her out. And before long, one of them will take her in—to see a preacher!

Half Tone

Bruce Cabot and Pat Di Cicco mourned him like a brother. Joan Crawford looked back down the years and frowned slightly. A dozen chorus girls tore up his picture. And the town knew the news before it was spoken. Franchot Tone was married.

Who is the new Mrs. Tone? Where does she come from and what does she do? Before her wedding, no one gave a darn. Now, as Mrs. Franchot, poor Jean Wallace is being dissected like a laboratory frog.

Happily she can stand the scrutiny. She's a nice, wholesome youngster and a compliment to Franchot's judgment. Her real name is Jean Walasek. She changed it when Earl Carroll brought her to Hollywood after she won a Carroll-conducted beauty contest in Chicago. Her first picture was "A Night At Earl Carroll's," and Paramount put her under contract after they viewed it. She was born October 12, 1923, and wouldn't say "yes" to Franchot, who is 36, before her 18th birthday.

Jean plays the clarinet, has a beautiful singing voice and can cook, too. Her gal pals in the Carroll chorus will testify to that. She used to invite them to her apartment for her specialty, an Italian-cooked dinner.

When she reads, she prefers Poe, though her favorite book character is Dickens' "Scrooge." In music, she goes for Deep Purple. And her pet aversion (Franchot, please note) is a man who won't talk back!

Oh, Da Colonna!

Paramount is developing two new comedians: (a) Muk, the 6-year-old chimpanzee who stole "Malaya" from Dorothy Lamour, and (b) Jerry Colonna, the 36-year-old monkey-shiner who steals laughs from Bob Hope.

Muk's just a newcomer to the movie scene. People aren't curious about him yet. But Jerry's been around a long while, and requests for information about the lad are burying our desk. So here goes:

His real name is Gerard . . . He has a perpetually sore upper lip because fans are always tugging at his mustache to see if it's real. It is . . . Married for ten years, his wife has never seen him without that six-inch adornment (he trims it to six inches between pictures) . . . As a kid, he yearned for a mustache that would outstrip any sported by the men in his home town. Today, there isn't a Bostonian who can match him . . . He's worn the lip lace for 14 years . . . Once sued a studio that tried to make him shave it off.

Had his own band at 18, but didn't learn to read music till he hit 23 . . . Any time he wearies of the funnyman racket, he can return to trombone playing . . . He's one of the top musicians in the business; used to play alongside Benny Goodman, Artie Shaw, Bunny Berrigan and Claude Thornhill in the old Dorsey Brothers' band . . . Has a great voice when he's not gagging. Can hold a note a minute and five seconds without getting winded.

Though definitely not a glamour boy, the bulk of his fan mail comes from women. What's more, they all want Colonna photographs—affectionately autographed!

Special Delivery

Hollywood is fast becoming a town where they make more babies than pictures! After the recent flood of new arrivals (Mary Mar-

GOOD NEWS (Continued)

tin's, Veronica Lake's, Virginia Bruce's and Connie Moore's), it seemed fairly certain that movie folk would settle down to digesting their latest citizens before bringing in a storkload of fresh ones. But that, apparently, is not to be. Now rumor has it that Joan Bennett, Lucille Ball, Judy Garland and Deanna Durbin are on the expectant list!

Of all the tots to hit the colony in recent months, the most impressive was the one delivered to Jack Carson and his radio-singer wife, Kay St. Germain. The little fellow weighed 10 pounds, 5 ounces at birth! And is Jack proud of his young husky? Just listen:

"What a guy!" he gloats. "The first baby I ever saw who was born eating a steak sandwich!"

Family Affairs

Mickey Rooney's mom and dad, though divorced and wed to new mates, meet every Sunday at Mick's. They bring their current spouses, and all five enjoy a cozy dinner . . . Bill Holden and Brenda Marshall, interviewing a pair of Chinese servants, were amazed when the applicants interrupted to ask for their autographs . . . Like all homey folk, Marlene Dietrich likes to spend Christmas with her family. She and daughter Maria will hit the Eastbound trail to pass the holidays in New York with their husband and daddy, Rudolph Sieber.

Where You Go . . .

Barbara Stanwyck was rehearsing for a broadcast at CBS a short time ago, when Hubby Bob Taylor arrived to take her to dinner. While Bob waited for Barbara to run through her lines, Roger Pryor stepped up to him:

"How about you doing one of our shows, Taylor?" he asked. "Say the word and you can have either Claudette Colbert or Myrna Loy as your leading lady."

From over his shoulder, Bob heard the clop of a falling script. In a moment Barbara was at his side.

"Listen, chum!" she upped to Roger. "That means three evenings of rehearsal and all day Sunday working with one of those queens! If the sponsor doesn't mind my doing two broadcasts in one season, I think I'd better do the play with Bob!"

Bob pouted and everyone laughed—BUT—three weeks later when Mr. Robert Taylor appeared as star of the Screen Guild Theater, there was Mrs. Robert Taylor trading lines with him at the other side of the mike!

Reelisms

Jackie Cooper dons a false mustache for "Syncopation" . . . Roy Rogers, appointed honorary mayor of Studio City, moved to Encino two weeks later . . . Ray Milland is a sucker for paintings used as set decorations in his pictures. Buys them up like mad . . . Red Skelton's new home is so huge, he has signs in the foyer reading, "Straight ahead to the dining room," "Playroom: through the kitchen, fourth door to the left," etc. . . . Charles Butterworth, anticipating sensational business when he personal-appearanced in his home town, South Bend, Indiana, met with a terrific freeze instead. Seems once-cordial friends and neighbors had learned of his divorce from Ethel Butterworth—and they no like such thing out Notre Dame way! . . . Back in football after a fling at the flickers, Tommy Harmon and Johnny Kimbrough are taking a terrific kidding from sports columnists . . . Ronald

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GOOD NEWS (Continued)

Colman once appeared in Westerns . . . Directors of the Screen Guild radio show, of which Roger Pryor is M. C., will ask Ann Sothern to appear as "Maisie." The sly devils hope working together will bring about a Sothern-Pryor reconciliation . . . Clock collector Cesar Romero had to silence his most precious timepiece. It pealed like Big Ben and woke the baby next door—Julie Payne, daughter of John and Anne . . . Life of any party is John Carroll doing a deadly impersonation of Nelson Eddy singing, Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life. Even Nelson himself would love the wild flourishing and melodramatic warbling!

A Relative Matter

There are always a couple of weak links in a family, even if it's a movie star's. If you have a lazy uncle who stopped working when McKinley was president, or a younger brother whose idea of achievement is getting the 8 ball into a side pocket, you know what we mean.

But while your relatives may mooch an occasional buck or two, movie stars' relatives too often take it for granted that when there's an actor in the family he ought to immediately assume responsibility for the entire clan.

At this very moment, one of the screen's top-notch feminine stars is being politely blackmailed by her own aunt. Aunty either gets a bigger allowance or a couple of family skeletons will begin rattling—and not too gently, either! The star is raging. She'd like nothing better than to phone the F. B. I. and turn her chiseling relative in. Unfortunately, however, there's a clause in her contract (as there are in many others) specifying that all family leeches must be provided for in order to avoid unfavorable publicity.

Do you wonder that dozens of our leading players are almost driven to do what one not-too-bright cinema blonde did? She wrote a letter to mathematically-minded Albert Einstein, asking if she could consult him on a problem of relativity!

Reluctant Dragon

It's a funny tale that Columnist Hedda Hopper tells about Sir Cedric Hardwicke's initial get-together with playwright George Bernard Shaw.

Hardwicke heard one day that the great Irish dramatist considered him the finest actor in the business. Thrilled as a babe, he approached Shaw and asked if it were true.

Shaw looked at him coldly. "Heavens, no!" he snapped. "You're my fifth choice. The four Marx Brothers come first!"

Disa and Data

Robert Preston once played Julius Caesar in a stock company headed by Ty Power's mother . . . By the time "I'll Take Manila" is completed, Eleanor Powell will have gone through 150 pairs of hose. She requires four a day; pays around $8 a pair . . . Carole Landis, advised by wire that her lonesome Great Dane had pined down to 170 pounds, flew all the way from New York personally to feed him his raw meat . . . Radio's darling, Kay Kyser, doesn't own a radio of his own . . . Ona Munson who just finished slinking her way through "Shanghai Gesture," won't step before the camera unless she's wearing a wig. Says it's the only way she can forget herself and get into character . . . Orson Welles says he and his Dolores will go to the altar in January . . . Ray MacDonald's pals have nick-named him "Pinocchio." They think he looks like the little guy . . . Carmen Miranda's real bosses are not 20th Century-Fox, but Olsen and Johnson! They were responsible for her discovery in South America and now share her contract with the Shuberts . . . The result of Myron Selznick's commission suit against ex-client Errol Flynn resulted in a settlement for 40,000 bucks . . . John Hubbard and Rochester both own prize fighters. Their battling babies fought the other evening. Hubbard's boy won . . . Hollywood's tittering at that comedian who, failing to be recognized by fans, walks up to them and introduces himself. He also snatches their autograph books and insists upon presenting them with his signature—on the space reserved for Gable and Taylor . . . The Louis Haywards (Ida Lupino) own a dog named "Edward-Who-Is-Not-To-Pick-The-Flowers." Don't ask us why! . . . On her 18th birthday, Linda Darnell threw off the shackles of time-clock punching, a welfare-worker chaperon and four hours of daily school work!

Panta-Loonies

Ann Sothern visited Ann Sheridan on the night location of "Juke Girl."

"Sothern," said Sheridan, "I've got a fashion tip for you. 'Oomph' undies, they're called. C'mon away from these wolves and I'll give you a peek."

Off in a corner, Ann Sheridan looked cautiously around. Then she raised her skirt high above her thighs. "Like 'em?" she asked, coyly.

Ann Sothern looked—and gulped. For embracing the Sheridan shape, from hip bone to knee-top, was a pair of heavy pink woolies! It gets mighty chilly on night locations, and a cold draft, looking for a place to land, apparently doesn't know the difference between a movie star and a manicurist!

SELF-MADE SIREN

(*Continued from page 35*)

minute with the wind roaring in your ears and blowing your hair?'

"That was five years ago," Bill smiled. "She's got that convertible now—a long, slinky Buick—and every cop in Hollywood knows it personally. Boy, has she collected tickets for speeding—and talk about accidents! Nothing serious, you know. A fender here and a mud guard there. She spent so much time talking to judges in traffic courts the studio had to ground her while they were making 'This Woman Is Mine.' What a gal!

"Anyway, she kept winning contests right and left, and eventually she got a chance to sing for Nat Brusiloff, program director for WOR. Nat introduced her to Mike Spector, an agent, who—as everyone knows—was her Svengali. He had her teeth straightened, her nose remodelled, her figure streamlined. He gave her voice lessons and cured her Brooklyn accent. He even gave her a new name, adapted from Nat Brusilloff's daughter Carol's. Then he got her the series of jobs that eventually landed her

in 'Louisiana Purchase' on Broadway.

"Gosh, it sounds simple when you rattle it off like that—but I'll never forget the months of mi-mi-mi-ing while she was getting her voice in shape. And how she couldn't chew gum—which she craves—on account of the braces, and how embarrassed she was at first talking completely un-Brooklyny. 'Gee,' she'd keep saying every few sentences. 'Me and Katie Hepburn.' Then she'd yell out to the kitchen—'Hey, Mom, culture comes to Flatbush. Come on in and listen to me talk.'

WELL, the night 'Louisiana Purchase' opened, I was in the second row—teeth chattering like anything. I didn't see a thing until Carol came on. She came out on the stage kind of hesitantly and I was close enough to see she was trembling. I found out later she'd cried in her dressing room for an hour before and had to be literally pushed on the stage. Maybe I imagined it, but it seemed to me a sort of gasp went up from the crowd when they first saw her—Lord, she looked wonderful!—and after she'd finished 'The Lord Done Fixed Up My Soul' in that indescribable velvety voice, fifteen hundred blasé first nighters clapped and clapped till I thought my heart would burst I was so proud of her. After the show I went back-stage, and the place was mobbed. Messengers running with flowers, the press begging for interviews, and dozens and dozens of stage door johnnies. At last her door opened and she came out. She tried to get through the wall of black coats and white shirts, scared and sort of bewildered. One chap took her arm—'Miss Bruce, I'm Al Bloomingdale. I wonder if you'd join our table at El Morocco.' Another one wanted her for supper at Twenty One.

"She smiled blindly at everyone and kept going till she found what she wanted. 'Oh Mom!' She threw her arms around a quiet little woman standing in the back. 'And Pop!' A big hug for the oldish, chubby man looking uncomfortable but unspeakably proud in his recently acquired tails. 'Oh and Bill. Gee!' We ploughed out of the place, and after Mr. and Mrs. Levy had gone home, she turned to me and said, 'You know what I'd really like to do?' 'You name it,' I told her. 'The Stork, El Morocco—' 'What I'd *really* like,' she said, 'is to ride for miles and miles on a Fifth Avenue bus. On top where the wind can blow my hair from here to blazes. Want to?' We invested in two bags of peanuts and rode up and down Riverside Drive for three hours, holding hands, counting stars, not talking much about anything.

"By the time 'Louisiana' had run a year, the Hollywood offers were so tempting that Carol kissed Broadway and Bill good-bye and signed up with Universal. I'd read about her in the columns every night. About how she was living alone and loving it in a penthouse in Beverly Hills; and how she was being seen everywhere with Matty Fox, but that her heart really belonged to her Pygmalion, Mike Spector. All of which gave me a few laughs, as I knew from Carol's letters she was living on the second floor of a two-family house with her mom and her sister Marilyn. Matty Fox is her boss and she Ciro's with him occasionally, but I'm optimist enough to believe her when she says, 'it definitely ain't love.' With Carol and Mike it's strictly business only.

"I trekked out to Los Angeles not long ago on business, and naturally I dropped over to Carol's. I was crazy to see her, but in a way I was scared. She was big time now; she couldn't help having changed a little bit. I walked down the charming quiet street their house is on and thought back to a noisy block in Brooklyn, with kids yelling in the street and the smell of suppers cooking from every window. There, finally, was the house. I stopped and looked at it a second—trim and lovely. No wash lines strung all over the place. No mangy palm in the living room window. I tore up the stairs, rang the bell, and in a second there was Carol. She had on navy blue slacks and a big red bow in her hair. 'Hi Garbo,' I said, and she dragged me inside.

"The house was done in royal blue with a lot of mirrors. 'Hollywood Empire,' she informed me without enthusiasm. 'It came with the place.' A huge radio-victrola was bleating 'Blue Champagne,' Mrs. Levy was in the kitchen looking just the same as ever, simple and kindly, and Marilyn was bounding in and out periodically with hordes of cronies. So this, I thought to myself, was Glamour at home. Gosh, I was relieved!

"We went bowling that night, and on the way home we talked about stuff and things. 'Well, I got the car, Bill,' she said—'It's in the shop right now, fender trouble, and Mom doesn't have to sew anymore, and Marilyn has a new bike. But I still can't believe any of it's real.' I pointed to a theater marquee across the street. Carol Bruce in big white lights. 'It's real,' I said. 'Honey, that's you.' She looked up at me, those bright blue eyes suddenly serious. 'Nope—isn't it funny, Bill. That's not me. I look different and I talk different, but inside I'm still Shirley.'

BILL stopped talking to me for a second and looked thoughtful. "And that's the swellest part of her. Nothing real and good about her has changed. She'd still rather go bowling with 'the kids'—as she's always called her pals since way back at Erasmus Hall—than have a date with Clark Gable. She doesn't drink, but she's not a bit W. C. T. U.-ish about it. She hasn't gone in for flashy clothes. Lives in suits and tailored things, though her evening clothes are definitely siren. She's still embarrassed in a too-low decolletage. She doesn't affect a taste for 'good' music or 'good' books. The Carol I used to know loved swing and Kathleen Norris, and she still does, God bless her. Her whole living room is strewn with records—and not a symphony among them—just Goodman, Shaw and her beloved Calloway. She puts on a record the first thing in the morning, and she always listens to something just before she goes to bed. Music is a religion with her. She's not ashamed of her mother, though she talks with an accent and refuses flatly to glam up even slightly. She can still speak 'Brooklyn' with the best of us when she wants to—often does when she gets excited—and Lord, what a Dodger fan! She's living right now for the next World Series." He paused and we prodded him.

What about Carol and him? "Well, I guess the way I feel kind of sticks out all over, doesn't it? But Carol—no, she's not in love. I think she looks on me as sort of a brother. Listen to what she wrote me the other day." He pulled a letter out of his pocket. "No romance yet, Bill. The right guy just hasn't hove in sight. But when he does, boy, watch me go to work on him!" I think she'd like to get married, but she wants love to sock her between the eyes. None of this lukewarm stuff for Carol. In the meantime, I'm sort of hanging around . . ."

Yeah, Bill. You and ninety-nine other guys. Now we know the reason why.

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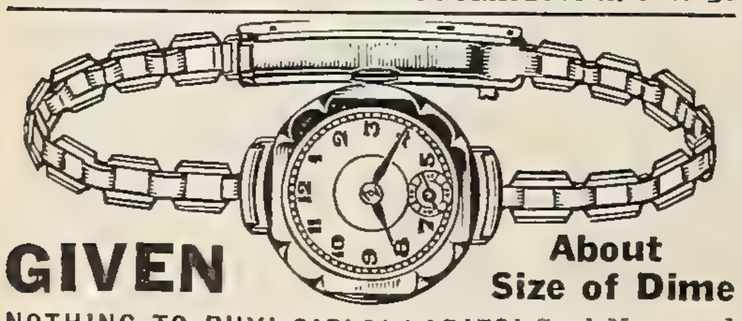
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HELLO EVVABODY

(*Continued from page 49*)

both hands. Where Sully knocks himself out laughing at something, you may, if you look fast, detect the melancholy ghost of a smile on Ish's face.

Kay buzzes around, the hardest-working of the lot. Their schedule includes pictures, a weekly broadcast, four to eight recordings a month, barnstorming and hotel dates. The business for all this goes on in Kay's bean. Every chance he gets, he heads for his dressing room, flops on the couch for five minutes, arms hanging, then downs a sandwich and a milk shake, his slogan being: "When things get tough, eat." Those five minutes, he swears, are as good as an hour's sleep. Despite tension and an appearance of skinniness, he weighs a hundred and ninety, all muscle. "Punch it," he invites doubters.

HAL KEMP got him started. They put on a couple of musicals together at North Carolina with Kay directing the show and Hal the music. Before Hal left college, taking his band with him, he talked Kay into organizing another for dear old N.C. Kay knew nothing about music except that he liked it. So he abandoned his A.B. course and enrolled for classes in theory, harmony, arranging, sight-reading and the clarinet.

The South took his band to its heart, so they tried their luck in Ohio during summer vacation and got the cockiness knocked out of them. But to James Kern Kyser a sock in the jaw means fight. He dusted himself off, went back to college, found new men, enlarged the band and worked like mad to give it the polish it needed.

One day their rehearsal was interrupted by a knock. The man who stood in the doorway said: "I stopped for a look at the campus on my way up from Florida and heard your music. Sounds good to me. I'm Al Lang, run Meadow Beach at Mentor-on-the-Lake in Ohio. Like to hire you boys for the summer." The figure he named convinced Kay he was kidding.

Just in case he wasn't, Kay tore round to Western Union. "Find out who Al Lang of Meadow Beach is," he wired a friend.

"Relax," came the answer. "He only owns half the town." As their first conquest of the North, that summer remains one of their sweetest memories.

The next crisis developed a couple of years later. They'd worn themselves out in the territory they'd been working and were perilously close to the rocks when an offer came from the Bal Tabarin in San Francisco. If they made the grade, they could stay indefinitely. If not, they were through in four weeks. In the parlor of Kay's Rocky Mount home, the boys debated. They decided to chance it.

If they didn't steal, they begged and borrowed to the limit. Driving their own cars, some of them had to break penny banks to get across the last toll bridge to the Golden Gate!

Kay says they didn't play very well that night. But Frisco liked their infectious spirit of good will, which was then pretty much as it is now. "And if Frisco likes you," says Kay, "they don't care how bad you are." The Bal Tabarin kept them on for a year. Then they were grabbed by the Del Mar Club at Santa Monica.

It was while they were playing the Del Mar that a dark-eyed beauty walked in with her mother one day and asked for an audition. She'd sung with a trio at Fresno College and got herself a couple of dates in San Francisco after graduation. Kay thought she was swell, but he couldn't afford a girl singer. The day he could, he told Miss Virginia Simms, he'd send for her.

The day came in Chicago. Just as they thought night had settled down for good. They'd been engaged by the Black Hawk Café—their first big tryout east of the Mississippi. Fate seemed bent on trying them out, too. The drummer found the lock of his car picked and all his equipment lifted. Sure it was insured, but meantime he had nothing to play on. Gandee, guardian of the music scores, lost his way across the Rockies. In the midst of rehearsal, the bandstand caved in on them, breaking sundry instruments and damaging arms. At the last minute Sully Mason couldn't find his uniform.

None of which would have mattered if they'd clicked. But Chicago was a hotbed of bands, and Chicago said "So what?" to Kay Kyser's. Business didn't build. An apartment elevator fell, carrying half a dozen of the boys with it. A few weeks later one of the wives bore a premature baby. He's a healthy five-year-old now, but for a while it was touch and go with mother and child. Gloom enveloped them all. . . .

Till the Christmas holidays brought a torrent of trade to the Black Hawk. Boys and girls swamped the place. Attendance records were made that have never been broken. The band became an overnight sensation. Kay sent for Ginny Simms. From then on the ball never stopped rolling.

SASSY SULLY, George Duning and Ish have been with Kay from the start. Next in point of service come Gandee and Lloyd Snow. The boys were playing Washington and Jefferson College when Gandee wandered over from Uniontown. "Listen to me play?" he asked Kay. They listened as a gag, but before he'd finished Kay was figuring how he could use two pianos. Duning, the pianist, had long been ambitious to do arranging. So Kay gave him a year off to study at the conservatory, after which he returned as official arranger.

Snow, just out of the Navy, happened in at the Del Mar Club and asked Kay to let him know if he ever needed a bass player. "Need one right now," said Kay. "Let's try it." Harry Babbitt had his own band in St. Louis, for which he played sax and clarinet and sang. Kay offered him so much just to sing that he couldn't afford to turn it down.

Ish got his name from Irving Berlin's song, which he put across to such purpose years ago that the handle stuck. "Why not?" the professor queries. "His real name's Merwyn Bogue. Who wouldn't rather be Ish Kabibble?" He contrived his own antic haircut. It's quite simple. Comb it down and he looks like Dracula with bangs. Comb it back, and you wouldn't recognize the guy. In his normal, non-simpleton guise he's the band's paymaster.

Exclusive of Babbitt and Kay, the boys number thirteen. When he has to pick a new one, Kay investigates character and personality first, musicianship second. Otherwise, he makes only one arbitrary rule. No moustaches. He can't abide 'em. They travel by train or plane now—no more jaloppies—and boast eight natty changes of costume. On their radio

program, they wear red-lettered white sweaters, which spell Lucky Strike when they run in and line up like a football team.

Hollywood's been their base since they started making pictures. A tight little group, they travel around together and often wind up at Ginny's, who lives with her father and mother and likes to rustle snacks for the boys. Outsiders are excluded from their yearly anniversary party. It's been rumored that on these occasions the boys allow Kay a few pipes on the clarinet. They talked him out of public performances long ago. His feelings were a little hurt, but he yielded for the greater good of the greater number.

The Kollege of Musikal Knowledge is four years old. Kay wanted something new for a second engagement at the Black Hawk, so the boys put their heads together. The boss stipulated audience participation, Sully dreamed up the name, someone else suggested a musical quiz, and little by little the thing took shape. Its success is largely tied up with Kay's ad libbing. "You should have heard the first three performances," he groans. No one else remembers them. With the fourth, he hit his stride and after sixteen hilarious weeks at the Black Hawk, Lucky Strike bought the Kollege.

As indicated earlier, Kay has a healthy respect for his fans. Nervous and hurried though he generally is, he'll always stop to sign autographs. First, because he's grateful. Second, because he's kindly. Third, because he considers any other policy shortsighted. If he tells a kid at the stage door he'll be back in five minutes, he's back in five minutes. He takes time to write "Thinkin' of you" over his signature. He heeds suggestion from his listeners. When a number of people wrote in that "Good-by, evvabody" sounded too final, he switched to "S'long, evvabody." He aches in sympathy with quizzees petrified by mike fright. He knows the feeling. That's why he sometimes lays the answer in their laps.

QUESTIONS most frequently asked by fans are whether this or that one's married, whether his Southern accent's real, who little Audrey is, why he says, "Yet's dance." (He says "Yet's dance" because in No'th Calina they don't bother with l's.) He finds that their novelty songs are the prime favorites—Little Red Fox, Bad Humor Man—and predicts that Romeo Smith and Juliet Jones from "Playmates" will soon join the number.

He's a good man to work for. Finding himself with three clear weeks before "Playmates" started, he toured the army camps, paying his boys full salary. Radio-conscious, he noticed that five of the camps lacked good machines and sent each a radio-phonograph, plus what he considered a representative collection of records. Not till Randolph Field wired: "What, no Kyser records?" did he catch the omission.

They like him at RKO. One reason may be apparent in the way he handled his close-of-the-picture party. Such parties are a Hollywood institution. Stars from other sets are invited, and executives and heads of departments. To his, Kay invited only those who had worked on the set through most of the shooting. "It's for us," he said. "So we can laugh and have fun over things that happened on the picture. Besides, if the grips and juicers see department heads around, they might get self-conscious and not enjoy themselves."

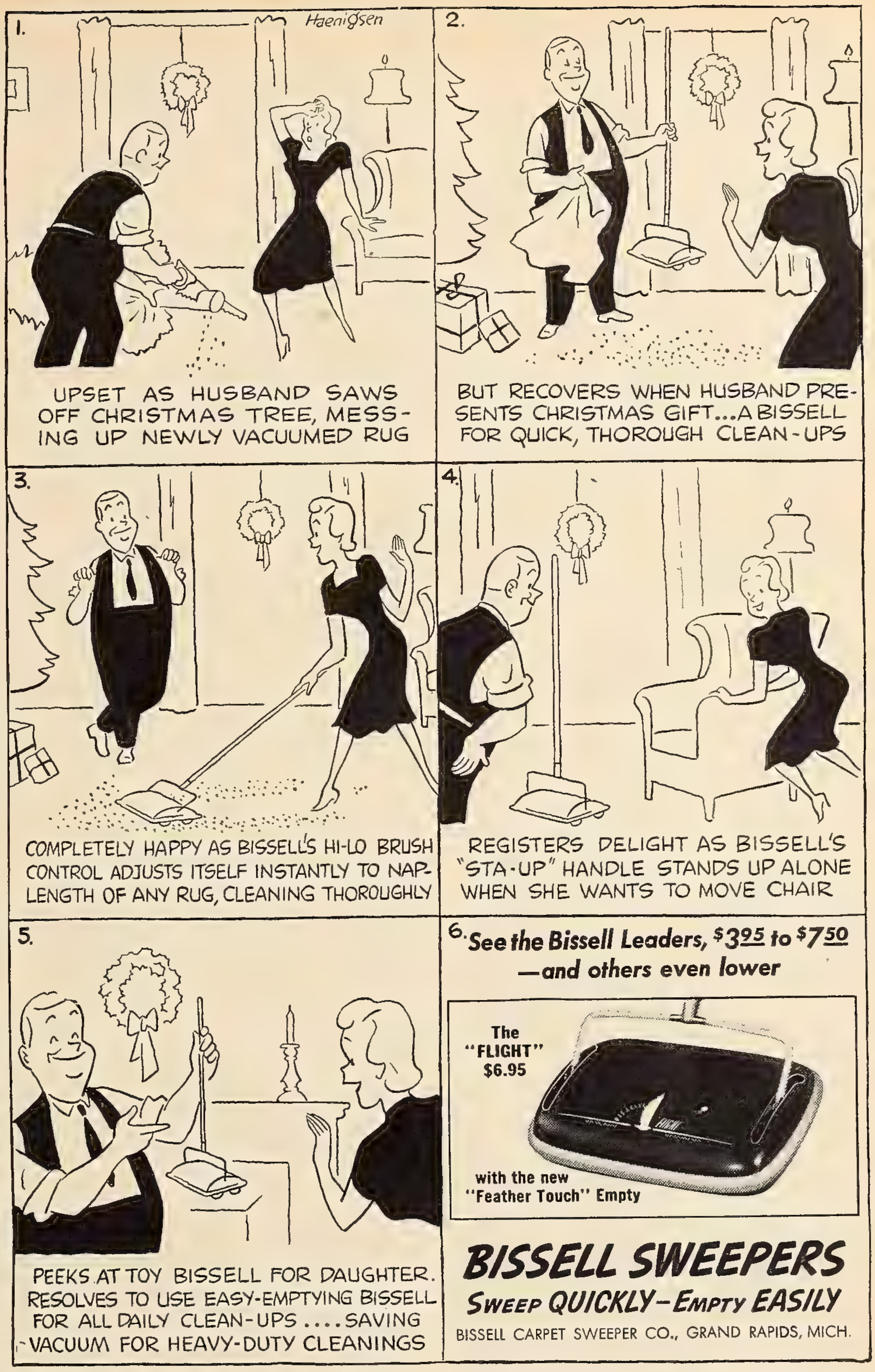
Kay and Ginny gave another party on the eve of the band's departure for a tour. For the first time in four years Ginny wasn't going. She kissed each of them good-by, and hers weren't the only wet eyes.

After "You'll Find Out" RKO hinted that they might want to sign her to a long-term contract. She consulted Kay. He said: "Don't rush it. Let them come to you." This year they made a definite offer and, again on Kay's advice, she took it.

It wasn't a happy feeling to quit the band but, sooner or later, she knew it would have to come. She's been signed to her own broadcast, too, the first sponsored five-minute program in radio. Kay says: "It's best for Ginny. The rest doesn't matter." Asked who would replace her, he'd answer briefly: "Nobody can replace her." Her successors, however, are Trudy Erwin and Dorothy Dunn, names unknown at this writing. Kay picked them for ability, not reputation.

Whether Kay and "the lovely lady with the beautiful voice" are married remains a mystery. Most people think they're not but will be and wonder what they're waiting for. They look domestic enough, when you bump into them at the Farmers Market, Ginny dropping small packages into a large market basket trundled by Kay, who wails: "What'm I doin' here, when I could be makin' music!" He fools nobody 'cause his eyes are filled with utter contentment.

I tried to pump what the newspapers call a well-informed source. "*You* ask 'em," said the source, shrugging his shoulders. "All I know is Kay's crazy about her. Sometimes I think they're married, sometimes I don't, and I hope to God I never find out till he tells me."



ATTENTION, INFORMATION DESK FANS!

We're closing for alterations and won't be able to answer your letters any more. Watch our space for a brand new department!

THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON

(*Continued from page 51*)

Phil Sheridan for trial. Sheridan, struck with Custer's quiet refusal to tell why he had assaulted a superior officer, dismissed the case on a technicality. But a pattern of hatred and enmity had already been born between Custer and Sharp and Taipe. One that only death could end. And before death stepped in, though they could not know it yet, blood would be shed and lives lost because of it. . . .

The outbreak of the Civil War saw the country in need of every trained combatant it could muster. So, although Taipe protested it violently, Custer was graduated with his class. And it was at the graduation exercises that he met Sheridan's dark and very lovely niece, Beth Bacon. She was from Monroe, Michigan, as was Custer himself. But the Bacons, the wealthiest family in town, and the Custers, plain hard-working people, had not known each other.

NOW, when Colonel Sheridan smilingly suggested Custer show her around the West Point grounds, she did not hide her interest in the tall, blond young soldier. A little flustered by her teasing, her provocative charm, Custer repaid her coquetries with talk about the only thing he was interested in—his eagerness to be in the thick of the fighting. This very evening he was taking an early train to Washington, where he was confident he would get an assignment with the 2nd Cavalry.

Her open disappointment that he was not remaining for the dance, her coaxing that he stay over another train, would have flattered any other man. But he only shook his head, repeated that if he didn't leave when he had planned, there would be no vacancies left in the Cavalry. Suddenly cool under his refusal to stay, she murmured she would not dream then of detaining him and turned away. He was uncomfortable under her changed manner but unwavering in his determination. He thought then that it was the only thing in the world he wanted. He did not realize yet that Beth Bacon's image was already indelible in his heart.

It was to be long and embattled weeks before he saw her again. In Washington he had waited day after futile day in the outer office of the Adjutant General, for an interview. Yet others were receiving commissions and appointments. At last, when he had almost despaired of doing it, he did manage to see the official. It was Taipe, who, with great satisfaction, told Custer coolly that he could wait until every other competent officer had been assigned to a fighting unit.

Through General Winfield Scott, Custer was at last recommended for an officer's commission in the 2nd Cavalry. But Taipe unscrupulously blocked it by assuring Custer there wasn't an available horse to be obtained in Washington. For answer, Custer mounted Taipe's own thoroughbred and rode off to 2nd Cavalry Headquarters. And once there, the pattern repeated itself again. For his immediate superior officer was the openly sneering Ned Sharp, who reminded Custer that *this* time he would have to toe the mark under *his* command.

He was to be proven wrong about that, for the next day the Cavalry fought at Bull Run Creek. And it was Custer, deliberately riding against Sharp's orders, who held the bridge with his tiny handful of men until reinforcements could arrive. After which they carried him to the field hospital, his right arm shot numb.

Marching down the corridor triumphant, Sheridan decorated him for bravery. Just then Beth came into the ward. Custer's heart twisted at the sight of her. But wounded pride froze the compassion in her voice. She spoke curtly and walked by. The monotonous rows of silent beds, her sudden, stabbing awareness of death, brought her to. She was back—telling him.

But when he was able to return to Monroe, he told her unhappily that he *couldn't* ask her to leave her luxurious home for the rigors of army life. She raised steadfast eyes to his, refused to listen to him. They could be married immediately.

That evening, though, with the grim news that Lee and Stuart were attacking from the South, Custer was ordered back to his regiment with a General's commission. Taipe fought to block the appointment. Custer was insubordinate, he roared. But it was Custer's very insubordination, riding against orders, that brought him victory at Gettysburg.

His return home was pure triumph. People shouted his name, threw their hats into the air. But Custer had eyes only for the proud, radiant girl waiting for him. They were married that day with General Sheridan best man.

THEIR marriage was ideal, but, with peace restored, private life did not sit well with Custer. There seemed to be nothing he could *do*—and the opportunities he was offered would only have made flagrant political use of his name. For instance, the visit of Ned Sharp. Outwardly friendly now, Sharp and his father called one day to offer him a huge salary to head the Western Railroad Land & Trading Company, organized for the development of the Dakota Territories. Custer's contemptuous refusal added fuel to an already blazing enmity.

It was Beth, seeing his restless unhappiness, who secretly begged Sheridan to put him back on active service. He suspected nothing when the War Department ordered him to Fort Lincoln, Nebraska, to take charge of a regiment of Cavalry. He only knew the joy of *doing* something again.

Fort Lincoln, Custer bitterly discovered, was an appalling mess. The post was a shambles of untrained soldiers given to drinking and roistering. They obtained the liquor at the Trading Company building. And the owner of the Trading Company was Ned Sharp, who dared Custer to close the bar. It was run on Government franchise. Custer's ultimatum was brief, ominous. Every time he found it open, he would beat Sharp to a pulp. Sharp closed the bar. But his shifty eyes glared a promise of future retaliation.

Under Custer's iron hand, the immortal 7th Cavalry was born. A regiment whom he had fired with the desire to die with their boots on. And also, under his leadership, was born the peace treaty with the Sioux Indians. Their proud-faced Chief, Crazy Horse, gave the tribe's word they would abandon all territory except the Black Hills—in return for the White Man's promise that this region would never be molested. If that word were broken, every hostile tribe as far west as the Great Waters would gather for the most savage Indian massacre in history.

An era of peace and prosperity followed—prosperous for all but Ned Sharp and the two owners of the Trading Company—the elder Sharp and General Taipe. The westward pathway of their railroad had been blocked. Yet when Taipe arrived in Fort Lincoln with a Governmental appointment of Special Commissioner, Custer was not suspicious. He even ordered a review of the 7th Cavalry in Taipe's honor the next day—a fateful day. Swelling pride froze on his face when the squadron galloped into review. For every cavalryman was so drunk he could barely sit in his saddle.

With eyes that were terrible in their avenging fury, Custer strode into the wide-open Trading Company bar. Sharp's face was a mask of triumph. Berserk with rage, Custer threw Sharp across the bar, then attacked Taipe. For which Taipe, the accumulated venom of the years under his voice, ordered Custer court-martialed.

Custer's mood was black on the way to Washington to answer the charges against him. Even Beth's devoted assurance that no one could blame him brought no comfort. He had failed. And it was on the train that Custer learned, through the newspapers, of the reputed gold strike in the Black Hills. Already the territory was filling with prospectors. That must have been, Beth cried, what Mrs. Taipe had meant when she said thousands of people were coming to the Dakotas. She had said it days ago. And it was only *yesterday* the gold had been discovered. There was no gold. It was a conspiracy to break the Peace Treaty. To do it, Sharp and Taipe had had to get rid of *him*—Custer. They had deliberately incited him to assault. And now, the Dakotas would be on the verge of an Indian massacre.

But at the Congressional Inquiry, Custer's frantic warning was received in stony indifference. Mrs. Taipe's comment was only hearsay, they told him. Such evidence was only admissible in the case of a *Dying Declaration, when the words were repeated or written in the certain knowledge of approaching death.*

Defeated, his command only temporarily restored, Custer returned to Fort Lincoln. He was walking into certain death. But there was no sign of it on his face as he walked into Sharp's bar, suggested they have a drink together. Sharp was already more than a little drunk. A very few drinks later, his body slumped to the floor. Custer had the unconscious man bound, loaded into an Army supply wagon.

He went then to do the hardest thing he had ever had to do in his life. To say good-bye to Beth as though there were a chance of his coming back, ever—knowing as he did it that, with a

* Modern Screen's New Way of Rating Films

Point 1—According to its production value: Expensiveness of cast, settings, etc. Rating, A, B, or C.

Point 2—According to artistic value: Taste screen play, direction. Rating, A. B, or C.

Point 3—According to entertainment value. Rating, 1, 2, or 3.

In the review section of this issue of Modern Screen, only the first seven films have been reviewed and rated. Following them, the editors present a brief synopsis of every other picture to be released during the current month, leaving each reader the option of judging them on the basis of his or her own tastes and preferences.

bravery which matched his own, she would pretend that she believed him.

In the dawn, in his tent high in the mountain encampment, Custer scanned the pages he had been writing all night. Then he summoned a messenger, ordered him to deliver the letter to Fort Lincoln at once. Crook's column of Infantry, the messenger reported, had all been massacred. And now Crazy Horse was heading North to massacre Terry's outfit. Custer rose, his face grim. General Terry's infantry would have *no* chance of stopping six thousand Indians. Unless—Custer and his regiment could try and head them off.

He went out into the dawn, unlocked the supply wagon where Sharp, sober now, demanded to be released. Silently Custer complied. Sharp looked around in terror. The country was swarming with Indians. It would be *murder* to turn him loose without protection. To which Custer answered calmly that the regiment was riding in an hour. Sharp could ride with it if he chose. In answer to the other's shaking query as to *where* the regiment was riding, Custer's head was up, his voice ringing. It was riding, he said clearly, to Hell—or to Glory.

Only *he* knew it would be both. And that before the sun had risen, hero and coward alike would be given their chance to die with their boots on.

In the almost deserted Trading Company's office, Beth, fragile and poignantly pale in her widow's weeds, with General Sheridan standing protectingly at her shoulder, confronted Taipe and the elder Sharp with the letter Custer had written that night. It was a letter saying only what Custer had tried to say at the Congressional Inquiry. But he had written it in the certain anticipation of death, and as such, its information would be

THE CAST

George A. Custer.....*Errol Flynn*
Elizabeth Bacon ("Beth" Custer)
Olivia de Havilland
Samuel Bacon, Esq. *Gene Lockhart*
Fitzhugh Lee.....*Regis Toomey*
Major Romulus Taipe.....
Stanley Ridges
Ned Sharp.....*Arthur Kennedy*
William Sharp...*Walter Hampden*
Gen. Phil Sheridan.....*John Litel*
Lt. "Queen's Own" Cook.....
George P. Huntley, Jr.
Crazy Horse.....*Anthony Quinn*
California Joe...*Charlie Grapewin*
Sergeant Doolittle..*Joseph Sawyer*
Captain Webb.....*Frank Wilcox*
Captain McCook...*Selmer Jackson*
Senator Smith.....*Minor Watson*
Lt. Frazier.....*DeWolf Hopper*

received in any court as a Dying Declaration. Its contents were sufficient to ruin Taipe and the elder Sharp. His throat dry with fear, Taipe offered to buy the letter for ten thousand dollars.

There *was* a price on the letter, Beth admitted. Her husband's price. First, that the Trading Company be dissolved. Broken by his son's death, there was no doubting the truth of Sharp's words as he promised it. And Mr. Taipe, Beth went on evenly, must resign his office as Commissioner. Silently defeated, Taipe signed the resignation put before him. And there was one more price. Beth addressed her next words to General Sheridan. The price the Administration must pay. It must make good its word to Crazy Horse.

That, General Sheridan told her gently, he had authority to answer. Authority from the President himself. He picked up Taipe's resignation, offered Beth his arm, smiling his pride and encouragement down at her as they left the room. Her soldier, he reminded her, had won his last fight after all.

She smiled bravely back at him. A hero's widow could do no less.

"THEY DIED WITH THEIR BOOTS ON"

(*Continued from page 51*)

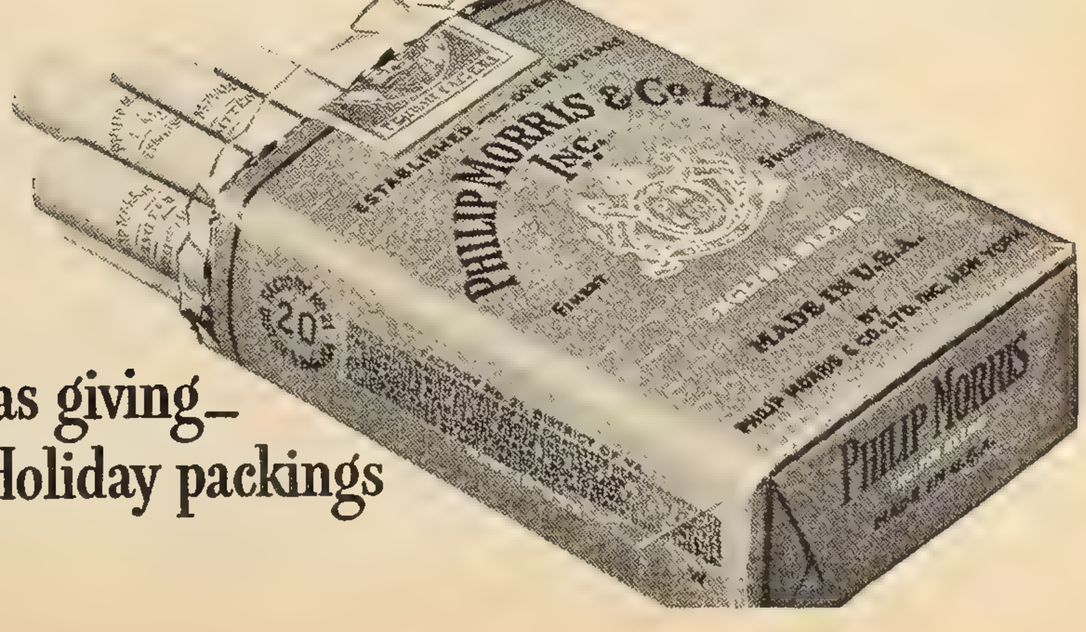
reproduction of Custer's Last Stand at Little Big Horn, June 25, 1876. . . In spite of every possible precaution for the safety of over 1000 horsemen, 2 men were killed and dozens more injured . . . not one horse was so much as scratched . . . 2 ambulances, 2 doctors, 4 first aid men and nurses were standing by at all times . . . to weed out inexpert riders from among the applicants, Director Raoul Walsh had everyone jump his mount over a huge hedge-barricade, especially designed to show up flaws in horsemanship . . . Warners shelled out $100 a day to rent the Agoura Mesa, Hollywood's favorite battlefield . . . Flynn wields the actual sword used by Custer during the historic battle . . . Entire action of the Stand was caught by 8 cameras mounted on a 60 foot tower of welded tubular steel. . . . The exact replica of Fort Lincoln, built inside a stockade covering 5 acres, is seen on the screen for less than one reel . . . Olivia de Havilland's 15 changes of costly costumes dented the studio budget as deeply as their expensive battle scenes.

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Name

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CHRISTMAS—IT'S COLOSSAL

(*Continued from page 39*)

an alarm clock which will wake you to the tune of an Irish jig . . . Susan Hayward, half owner of an ice-cream shop on Santa Monica Boulevard, sends Christmas trees of frozen pistachio. . . . Above all gifts, George Sanders treasures that of slumber and has given notice that he'll sleep straight through the holidays.

Red Skelton's giving himself a Christmas present which simultaneously solves one of his major problems. Allergic to telephones, especially receivers, Red has a contraption installed which broadcasts incoming voices through a loudspeaker system in every room! Now he has only to sit before a mouthpiece and answer back!

LARAINE DAY thinks too many people give girls perfume and hosiery, because it's easy. She'd rather have a buck gadget for her beloved camera than a flock of nylons and has thoughtfully handed her mother a list of such gadgets, which her mother thoughtfully passes on to friends who ask. . . . Hedy Lamarr, a givin' fool, drives shopkeepers crazy, because she presents herself blandly at the last minute with a list that would choke Billy Patterson's horse and disrupts business anyhow by her simple presence. She thumbs her nose at California's May in December by painting her tree white and spraying it with tinsel, kidding herself that she's got sun sparkling on snow. Last year John Howard wrote her a Christmas letter, had it recorded and sent her the record in greeting and tribute. She put it away, saying: "I'll play it next Christmas and see if you still feel the same." He does.

On Christmas Eve the Raymonds gather a few friends—including Nelson Eddy and Allan Jones—feed them sandwiches and coffee, pile them into a truck and make the neighborhood rounds, singing Christmas carols. Carols at your window by MacDonald, Eddy and Jones aren't a bad holiday send-off. Eight next morning finds Jeanette and Gene at the Orthopedic Hospital with gifts for the children. Gene's been doing it for years, and since their marriage Jeanette's done it with him. They may bump into Bob Stack and his mother. Since Bob was a kid, the Stacks have made themselves responsible for the kids at the Orthopedic around holiday time. This year, though, they may pay their visit in advance. If Bob can get away, they'll spend Christmas at their Lake Tahoe lodge. . . . Jon Hall and Frances Langford desert Hollywood, too, for their farm in Florida. Ssss! hisses California, but the Halls grin and point out that Frances owes her first loyalty to her home state, and that Jon owes his to Frances. . . . It is a double celebration for Hump Bogart who'll celebrate his 41st birthday Christmas Day.

Bette Davis won't budge from the house, Christmas being strictly a family affair to be spent with her husband, mother, sister and brother-in-law. Her gorgeous tree was shipped all the way cross-country from her N. H. farm! The same goes for the Crosbys, whose kids feed the dogs and horses a gala breakfast before opening their own gifts. . . . Red Skelton brings six newsboys home, in memory of the days when he was a newsie himself, and Edna, his wife, scolds him for not digging up twelve. . . . Ann Sheridan invites her studio gang over—hairdresser, wardrobe woman, stand-in and favorite publicity man—presents her gifts with a casual, "Here, Jerk," and gets embarrassed as hell when they try to thank her. If driving the workmen nuts can do it, Annie will spend the holidays in her new home, the first she's ever owned. . . . So will Deanna Durbin and Vaughn Paul, celebrating with a dinner for both their families and visiting back and forth with Anne Shirley and John Payne, who live across the street and are close friends. Next to her nephew, Julie Anne Payne is Deanna's favorite baby. . . . John Barry and his mother will join Priscilla Lane and hers for Christmas dinner. . . . Rosemary's in New York with a show. Priscilla will return the compliment by spending New Year's at Victorville with John. . . . Ann Rutherford, who thinks servants are human, too, gives them the day off. Revelling in a kitchen to themselves, she and her mother cook dinner and serve it to a dozen guests, half of them boys in the service who can't get home. . . . Madeleine Carroll will be thinking of dear ones still farther away—the sister killed by a nazi bomb, the French orphans with whom she used to celebrate Christmas, to whom now she can only send food and clothing, wondering whether they ever reach them. . . . Geraldine Fitzgerald, from Dublin, decorated a miniature Christmas tree for the "Little People," a quaint old Irish custom.

It will be a happy day for the Bill Holdens with their appendices dropped and their options lifted. As a minor expression of gratitude, Bill has bought new robes for the Pasadena choir he used to sing with. The tree they'll trim for Brenda's little Virginia will tower in glory to the ceiling of an otherwise empty living room. Their business manager doled out enough for a down payment on the house, but decreed that furnishing would have to come out of their weekly allowance. Since Brenda gets twenty-five and Bill thirty-five, they hope to be furnished by Christmas, '42.

The star topping the Morgan tree was bought for Dennis's first Christmas and shines as brightly for his children. His parents come over on Christmas Eve, which the four adults spend with Alice and George Parrish, old friends from home. George is a music arranger, who works with Charles Previn. Next morning the Morgans greet the Christ Child in a charming ceremony. With little Kristin leading and Father Morgan bringing up the rear, they file down the stairs, carrying candles and singing "Silent Night"

MODERN SCREEN
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City..... State.....

Ingrid Bergman and her husband stand at the window with baby Pia, who watches in breathless excitement for the star which the wise men followed. . . . Mary Livingstone opens Joanie's gifts as they arrive, sends duplicates to an orphanage and carefully re-wraps what's left. Jack feels it's a dirty trick, not on Joanie but him, since the most fun he gets out of Christmas is watching his daughter open packages.

The Ameches' place will look like Grand Central Station. A normal Sunday finds them prepared for twenty-five or thirty, so on Christmas Day the lid's off, the more the merrier and be sure to bring the kids along. By some magic of her own, Honore rules the hubbub unruffled and sends them all home happy. . . . Glenn Ford and his mother will have ten close friends in to dinner, and the closest of these is Evelyn Ankers. . . . Walter Pidgeon will flit from open house to open house, with periodic stops at his own, which is also wide open. . . . Judy and Dave will go to her mother's, if Dave can tear himself away from the new depot his new wife bought for the miniature railway he loves next best to Judy. . . . Lana Turner wakes up to find that a thoughtful Santa has heaped all her gifts at the foot of the bed. After opening each, she phones the donor her thanks. This gives her a restful day. . . . Carole goes mad, trying to hide his presents from Clark, who pries into closets like any six-year-old. She's taken to labelling packages POISON, since he pays no attention to NOT TO BE OPENED TILL CHRISTMAS. . . . Bob and Barbara spend the day with the Benny's. He gives her jewelry and luggage because he loves them. She'll give him an areoplane watch though she hates his plane. . . . Dolores Del Rio and Orson Welles are celebrating a Mexican Christmas "posada" with native Mexican singers and dancers joining in a parade around the house and gardens, carrying lighted candles and tiny statues of the Christ Child.

The Good Samaritan spirit runs rampant! Fay Holden (Ma Hardy to you) has a Wishing Well into which she and guests drop coins the year 'round. On Christmas Eve it's dredged and some fifty down-and-out families dine heartily on the proceeds! . . . Barbara Stanwyck has an arrangement whereby anyone who wants a meal at the Brown Derby is given one! "Guests" sign checks, thus avoiding any embarrassment! . . . It's the annual custom of a certain studio to invite from one to two thousand extras and their families to an elaborate feed. Toys are given youngsters, and their elders are entertained by professionals. . . . Mary Martin sends gifts to the girls she used to teach in Weathersford, Texas. . . . Mickey Rooney, too busy at the studio to do his own shopping, struck for enough time off to buy stuff for his mom. . . . Gene Autry will be with his rodeo. He remembers the men most players forget—exhibitors. Ten thousand bronze desk pads adorned with a cowboy on horseback will go out to them to say thank you from Gene for showing his pictures. . . . George Raft's quietly buying the town up for Betty and her mother and her sister and her little nephew. Betty's in despair because she knows it and can't make him quit. This is the truth. One of Betty's chief worries is the money George spends on her, one of George's that he can't spend enough. Of course, they'll both take in the opening of the Santa Anita race track. . . . Among her other toys little Maria Cooper will find a bunch of handcarvings, courtesy of Pop. On the "Ball of Fire" set Gary never stopped whittling—complicated things—a little torpedo boat, for one, which he sandpapered, painted gray and dug portholes into. People hung around, watching, hinting: "What you gonna do with 'em, Coop?" Coop blushed and allowed they were all for the kid. . . . Mae West feels definitely daunted. Says Santa Claus is the only man she doesn't know how to handle!

For a couple of the players, this Christmas will be marked by its contrast to last. Bob Sterling won't be lonely. His father, mother and two sisters have come to live with him in the Beverly house he's just bought. . . . If you'd told George Montgomery a year ago that he'd be spending next Christmas with Ginger Rogers, he'd have asked: "What's the gag?" Contrary to rumor, the romance is not on the rocks.

Strangest of all, a man who said he hated Hollywood made his words good. He could have had the town, tied up in red and green ribbons, for a Christmas gift. Instead, he's sailing the dangerous seas somewhere between Canada and Portugal on a cargo boat laden with dynamite, to help blast the schemes of the arch-enemy of peace on earth, good will to men. The Hollywood you couldn't stand salutes you, Stirling Hayden.

● ● ●

HOLLYWOOD SMALL FRY

Joan Blondell's son, Norman, belongs to the small fry smart set. After Joan Blondell had had her baby, Dick Powell went home and told Norman that he had a baby sister. Norman was very elated, and he said to Dick Powell, "Daddy, can I phone mama and tell her the news?"

If You Were Married to HEDY LAMARR . . .

THAT'S every man's day-dream. But what sort of wife would this living synonym for glamour really make? Screen Guide visits Hedy Lamarr at home, to show you in an exciting photo-story Hedy as she might appear to her husband. See these intimate pictures—then decide whether you'd still like to marry Hedy Lamarr, if you were a man.

Other Big Features in January Screen Guide

How Hollywood Stars Go Broke: Facts and figures—not just guesses—show what wrecks movie fortunes.
Deanna Durbin: The girl who was afraid to grow up.
Cooper Gets Hep with Stanwyck: See what Barbara does to Gary in the sizzling comedy, "Ball of Fire."
Loretta Young knows how to be a lady in Hollywood.
Must Mothers Give Up Glamour? Veronica Lake is the living, lovely answer to that Hollywood question.
Abbott and Costello: Why you can't call 'em corny!
Hedda Hopper's Cafe Society catches stars off-guard.
New Stars Not Wanted: Alexis Smith tells why.

CANDID COLOR PORTRAITS of Jane Wyman, Loretta Young and Deanna Durbin (giant two-page photo) in January Screen Guide—plus news, reviews, beauty hints and the latest authentic Hollywood fashions.



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Tired Kidneys Often Bring Sleepless Nights

Doctors say your kidneys contain 15 miles of tiny tubes or filters which help to purify the blood and keep you healthy. When they get tired and don't work right in the daytime, many people have to get up nights. Frequent or scanty passages with smarting and burning sometimes shows there is something wrong with your kidneys or bladder. Don't neglect this condition and lose valuable, restful sleep.

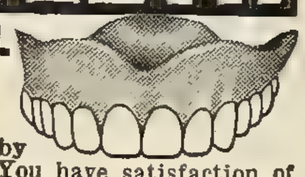
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I WROTE A LETTER TO MY LOVE

(Continued from page 43)

saying about me not being an A-1 letter writer? Away one day and here I go. We had a good trip up and if you listened to the broadcast, you'll know it went off okay—I hope. Also, we'll be home a day sooner than we expected, probably Sunday, so get out the fatted calf and be prepared to say you missed me.

Tell the kids I am bringing them something each, but for the love of mike don't let 'em expect the moon. Gary informed me before I left that he wanted a motorcycle. Well, he isn't getting it—yet. And don't you expect much, either. I don't believe in spoiled wives. Treat 'em rough, I always say. Oh, what you say is different? Ouch!

Love
B

Ronald Reagan tells "Dynamite" (Jane Wyman Reagan) all about the trip to Seattle for the premiere of Warner's "Tugboat Annie." No slush, notice? It's love, streamlined.

Dear Dynamite:

If you can't read this, sue the railroad. The engineer is either a show-off or he's practising to be a broken field runner and, believe me, he has a change of pace that's as fast as a "B" picture and comes to a halt quicker than Crosby's horses. The conductor holds the record so far; he made one car-length with only two falls.

They won't serve soup in the diner; the steward says it's too hard to get off the walls. Yes, and if they let us keep on using knives, someone is going to butter the bald-headed guy at the next table.

What I'm trying to say is it's been a rough voyage. Speaking of voyages, we entered Tacoma by water and what a spot for a human interest writer. They stopped our train out along Puget Sound to transfer us to a boat. There were two boats moored to the long pier there. One boat (ours), a palatial yacht, the other the dull grey prison boat from McNeil's Island. We left our car and a dozen hand-cuffed prisoners left their barred Pullman at the same time.

It was quite a contrast as the two boats pulled away—one bound for the prison and the other headed for the fanfare of a world premiere.

Say, what am I writing this for anyway? Here I am on my way home—me and the letter will probably steam in at the same time, and won't I feel silly sitting there while you read how much I'm missing you? But if I don't write I'll get in another Gin Rummy game with Donald Crisp and lose my other half dollar.

All love,
Ronnie

Fiancé William Holden, away making "I Wanted Wings" for Paramount, writes tersely to Warner starlet Brenda Marshall. Her real name is Ardis, so don't be confused—Ardis Ankerson. They're married now.

Dear Ardis:

This place right now is like a furnace. The sun has gone down and it's 97. I think I'll be out of here in about six days. Although we had bad luck the first weeks due to sound, we can make up the time by shooting background plates.

You'll be glad to hear that I gave away my hat (the one you hated) to a drummer in a beer joint. It seems he uses a different hat for every piece, so I thought he might as well have mine to go along with the rest.

Darling, take care of yourself. I'll be home in a week.

Love,
Bill

Short Notes and Sweet Nothings Section

Barton MacLane makes a proposition, honorable and orange-blossomed, to Charlotte Wynters.

"I am lousy on dialogue. Will you direct me from now on?"

Uh-huh. She took the assignment.

Card, nestling next to gorgeous wrist watch, engraved with four hearts. The watch is enclosed in a nest of boxes, each one larger than the preceding and then wrapped in rumpled newspaper! It was Bill Powell's (Mr. Poo) gift to "Mousie" (Diana Lewis Powell) on the fourth monthly anniversary (May 5, 1940) of their marriage.

"With all my love to my 4-months bride!!!?&!"

Ray Milland pins a note to the Little Woman's lace-flounced pillow case as he leaves for an early "Skylark" location.

Dearest Mal, my favorite leading lady:

You looked asleep and too beautiful to disturb when I got up so I'm running off to location without the usual good-bye buss. You shall have to make up for it when I get home tonight—say, about eight. Don't wait dinner for me—unless you want, and I wouldn't mind if you did want to—

Ray

Buddy Rogers' proposal to Mary Pickford . . .

"I would like to use your swimming pool for the rest of my life—

Buddy"

Young Love Department

Linda Darnell, aged fourteen, writes a letter (and keeps a copy) to First-Love Jaime Jorba, Spanish refugee, in Mexico City where he has fled at the insistence of quota-minded American Immigration officials. Jorba has already over-stayed his permit because of the dark-eyed Darnell.

My very dearest Jaime:

The postman just brought your letter, post-marked Mexico City. . . . Jaime, I am so surprised. Not even a good-bye. Mother says you are very wise to go this way, and that later I will know so, too, but right now I am not at all sure. It would have been so nice to say good-bye— at least—*to you.*

Dallas has been simply horrible this week. Hot and dry, and the quarterly dance awful. I think if you had stayed over for it, it would have been divine, and I shall always wonder when you tell me that 'relatives' are visiting you and I won't hear from

you for three days, whether you will turn up in Bataan or some place. Oh, querido, please forgive that! I didn't mean to be nasty. Only I was so surprised at the end of the three days to have a letter from you in Mexico City!

Is the import-export business exciting? I hope so, for your sake. Daddy says it is quite a good business to get into and I hope you become terrifically successful in it, and can come back to Dallas and visit us—often. I think now that I was an awful little pig not to want to meet 'Jaime Jorba' earlier when all the girls at school were talking about him. We could have had such times together!

But I simply couldn't be bothered to meet the school crush. Silly me! You know how pig-headed I was about the whole thing. When I met you it was quite different. You were —you are—so nice! I shall write you 'hundreds of letters,' as you ask. And —Jaime—of course it's always been 'yo te amo' with me about you from the very first. That's what I wanted to tell you before you left. But I'm glad you told me first, even if you had to write it.

Adios, querido,
Linda

As we go to press, comes the poignant news that Linda's Jaime has just married his cousin in Mexico City. Her farewell letter, which follows, reveals a mature Linda, who can take it on the chin gracefully—without bitterness.

Tuesday p.m.

Jaime dear—

I've written that so often. It seems strange I should be writing it now for the last time.

Shall I say I'm glad it ended like this? That wouldn't be altogether true. And it wouldn't be true either to say I'm sorry. But down deep in my heart, I know it's better for us this way.

We were both unhappy, Jaime. What hurt me most was making you unhappy. Yet I couldn't see any way out. Because we loved each other.

Yes, it was real. You wanted me to give up the movies. I couldn't, Jaime. Yet I knew it wasn't fair to keep you waiting, and my heart was torn. We thought maybe you'd be able to get to this country, knowing that even if you did, you'd hate Hollywood. I'll never forget your face that night when they turned the spotlight on us at the theatre. "You don't even belong to yourself," you said, "much less to me." If I'd looked ahead I'd have seen the end. But I suppose I didn't want to.

Your letter was so dear. Don't be sad or sorry about anything, please. It was lovely to the very end. I'll always be grateful for all your goodness to me. I'll always keep the memories—always—till I'm an old old lady and have no memory left.

And now there's nothing left to say except the most important thing of all—to wish you happiness. By the time you get this, your cousin will be your wife. I'm glad I met her, Jaime. I'm glad your wife won't be just a name to me. I'll be thinking of you together, and hoping that you both live happy forever after. That's the fairytale wish. They say if you wish it on a star, it comes true, so I've just gone to the window and wished it on a star for you and for her. I hope you won't think that's silly. Anyway, the wish goes to you both with all my heart.

Good-by and bless you.
Linda

Miss Bonita ("Bonnie") Granville, sixteen, writes a discreet note expressing maidenly interest in Drummer Boy Jackie Cooper. Three years later two of her wishes were granted—(1) they are "steadys" (2) they are making "Syncopation" together for RKO.

Friday a.m.

Dear Jackie:

There was so much excitement last night, with mother calling for me and saying goodnight to everybody and all, that I didn't thank you properly for having a wonderful time. And I didn't even mention the gardenia, did I? It was sweet of you to send it and I think you're pretty swell.

Gee, you certainly can drum—better than the time I was so angry at you for just forgetting me and paying all your attention to the jam session. And the boy with the cornet is a wonder. It's lucky he moved into the Valley; he'll be so good for your band.

Yes, like you, I'm looking forward to the time when we can go to the movies and dances and so on at night, and not have to be in so early. But, oh, well, I suppose everybody our age feels that way, anxious to grow older.

Jackie, I hope to see you more often in the future, socially, and I hope we can get a picture together some day, too. Wouldn't that be nice? Anyway, give me a jingle occasionally. Thanking you loads for a good time at the party,

Affectionately,
Bonnie

Something new—the Unsent Love Letter

Gene Tierney unearthed the following, written by her new husband, Oleg Cassini, as she rummaged through his secrétaire. It was written at a moment when Cassini thought Gene was about to wed another.

Dearest Gene:

Don't you think we are running away from ourselves?

Please break down and see me tonight. I know we can straighten things out because we love each other—didn't we say that?

Anyhow I love you as always and wish you would stop running away from the inevitable.

Oleg

P.S.—Can I send these every day to remind you to think of me?

Nostalgia Note

From seventy-ish Tully Marshall, now one of the seven professors in Goldwyn's "Ball of Fire," to Marion Fairfax who later said "yes." He was on tour with the Frohman "Gay Parisians." Date, December 12, 1898.

Dear Mike:

Here it is Sunday, and raining, and that means no bike lesson for you, and I'm sunk. That last alibi you pulled about not marrying me is the silliest yet. For three good reasons.

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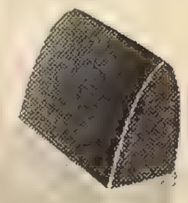
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First—I'm not 'the last man on earth.'

Second—There's no dodging Fate or something. I knew from the first it's got to be. We're doomed.

Third—I love you, damn you, I love you.

Tully

P.S.—And don't get all cherked up about that kid that's sending flowers every night. It's not your acting. Moreover, they probably don't cost him a cent. I found out this morning that his old man's an undertaker. *Think it over.*

T.

MAD HATTER

(*Continued from page 47*)

else unless you're sure it does something for you. Remember, just getting a new hat—no matter how ultra—won't take the place of getting the right hat."

Two more problem children are Dietrich and Garbo. Both have minds of their own and on their first visit to the padded cell dared to tell Dache what *they* wanted. Dietrich's heart was set on something mannish, but several hours later she left, defeated but ecstatic in a super feminine wimple (the first one ever invented, by the way). Garbo slouched in in one of her football game-ish pull-down brims, demanding its twin in another color—but she walked out on air in a Peruvian turban of multi-colored wool! Damn persuasive, these Daches, and no dopes, either.

JOAN CRAWFORD had the average American girl infatuation for off-the-face hats. Just couldn't see any other variety till Lilly showed her the light. Now the hat doesn't come wacky enough for Joanie, and she—as you probably know—was the first to try a cover-all turban.

And so it goes. The loveliest of them are millinery cowards. Madeleine Carroll hesitates to try anything too daring; Irene Dunne refuses to wear red hats; Judy Garland—like Vic Mature—is completely anti-hat; insists she looks atrocious in all of them. So if you're squeamish about trying a new style—obsessed with the idea you're a one-hat-woman, take heart. You're in swell company.

But how to get out of the rut when the budget says distinctly in cold black letters: New hat—$2.95. Well, wait till you hear. When Lilly first started her own millinery shop (back in 1925, after she'd been fired from Macy's for arguing with a floor manager), the materials for one hat always came to less than $2.00, and she can still turn out something pretty snappy for $1.00. Ann Rutherford has been known to duplicate $90 models for $1.50. S'help us!

So when you've decided on the kind of hat you can't do without—don't settle for anything less—buy the makings and whip it up yourself. If you absolutely can't cope with a needle, buy the untrimmed felt or straw part of the hat, then pick out the trimmings and have it done. Most large department stores have a section that will trim your hat for you without charge, providing, of course, you buy the potential style-setter in the store. Go around trying on hats like the one you plan to have made so's to be dead sure it's your ticket; and if you find one ready-made, so much the better.

Now for those rules:

1. If your he-chum is a "what-the-hell's-that-thing-on-your-head"-er, for heaven's sake drag him along when you go shopping. He'll be terrifically flattered, and somehow his taste is rather unerring. (In the very good cause of making the whole business a bit of a lark, Lilly's installing a snazzy bar for escorts right across the corridor from the padded cell!

2. Never buy a hat sitting down. Something may go divinely with just your face, but be completely out of proportion with the rest of you. For instance, very big hats make tiny girls look like mushrooms, and little hats turn Amazons into Happy Houligans. Take a long, searching look in a full length mirror before making that irrevocable decision.

3. Remember that a hat is not to keep your ears warm, but to make you look distractingly pretty and to express the real you. If you're kind of a screwball, do a Roz Russell and let your hats shout it to the skies. You can get away with phony birds perched at impossible angles and bunches of fruit over each ear. If, however, you're on the May Robson side, keep it conservative without getting grim.

4. Unless your figure rates the double whistle from truck drivers and your face is rather beautiful, don't try to launch a new hat style. It is either terribly annoying or screamingly funny to the average man to see a nothing-to-write-home-about woman sporting a radically new hat fashion.

SUMMING up, Lilly tells us that "the first law of chic is 'know thyself.' Get acquainted with your features and in the privacy of your own boudoir confess which ones aren't so hot and gloat over the good ones. Play down a large nose by wearing wide brims; wear veils to glamourize a mediocre complexion. If your brow is wide and lovely, show it off with an off-the-face. Flaunt gorgeous hair by wearing hats in vivid, eye-catching colors. Make a mental note of the type of hat that is simply taboo for you, thus narrowing the field when you venture out on your shopping expedition." Lilly paused a second and pondered. "Just one parting shot. I've always felt that a really good hat is sort of like a good friend. It wears well and you like it better every time you see it. You don't get tired of it from one season to the next, and you mourn its eventual demise from old age bitterly."

Before leaving Lilly's elegant establishment—an entire building on East Fifty-Sixth Street where she employs two hundred helpers and creates over 9,000 designs a year—we snuk a look at her little idea book. Here, confidentially, is a preview of next year's models!

There are going to be lots of those pirate-hats with up-sweeping brims and curtain-backs. (Originated for Loretta Young in "The Men in Her Life.") You'll be seeing lots of berets—but huge ones with flowing veils. (Dietrich will start the vogue in "The Lady Is Willing.") There'll be a big swing "back to black." Dache advises using color only as a fillip, never as a focus. Watch for the new crusader's helmet with its peaked visor and clean, sharp lines. And notice how all the new hats are firmly anchored on the head. Lilly's begun a campaign to annihilate the blobs of fluff that blow off though there's not a breath stirring.

Not to pun too fiendishly, but hasn't Lilly given us a perfectly gorgeous head-start on the rest of the girls? More glamour to you, now, and happy hatting!

REVIEWS

(Continued from page 16)

SING FOR YOUR SUPPER

Jinx Falkenburg, wealthy heiress, with philanthropic tendencies, interests herself in bandleader Buddy Rogers, who has one foot in the bread-line. Enrolling, incognito, as hostess of the Arcadia Dance Hall where Buddy's band is playing, she convinces him she can sing. Eventually Jinx is forced to tell Buddy her true identity, but takes it hard when newspapers break the story of society-heiress turning honky-tonk singer. Thinking it a publicity stunt of Buddy's, she huffs out of the picture. Buddy disappears, too, and it looks as though the whole thing is off when Fate and Buddy's wily business manager bring them together. —*Col.*

SIERRA SUE

Gene Autry's mind, most of the time, is glued to the problem of eliminating the poisonous devil weed from the cattle country around Sierra City. But he does find time for a few songs and a little romancing with Fay McKenzie. Things get hot for a while when a plane falls into the canyon where the cattle are corralled, causing a stampede. But Autry swings into action and saves the situation with his usual efficiency.—*Rep.*

HARVARD HERE I COME

Slapsie Maxie Rosenbloom, having received a Harvard award for supreme pediculousness, gets back at 'em by enrolling at the university. It takes no time at all for Prof. Byron Foulger to prove by intelligence tests that Maxie is America's No. 1 Moron. National manufacturers pursue him because his endorsement of their products means an immediate jump in sales—so great is his appeal to other morons. Riding the crest of success, he decides to open a College Inn—sends for Arline Judge, who forms an organization known as "20,000,000 Jerks, Inc.," with Maxie as president. At the opening of the Inn, Maxie endows a school for morons at Harvard.—*Col.*

HONOLULU LU

Lupe Velez starts out by annexing three sailors and ends up with the entire fleet. When sailor Bruce Bennett learns that a charity contest for "Miss Honolulu" is about to be staged, he starts campaigning for Lupe, whom he knows only in her newly acquired role of burlesque queen. Meanwhile, Uncle Leo Carillo, unaware of Lupe's new venture into burlesque, campaigns for his niece. In the mad mix-up that follows, Lupe is torn between loyalty to the fleet and loyalty to her uncle. In the end, the fleet wins Lupe—Lupe wins the contest—and Uncle Leo wins a job, much against his wishes.—*Col.*

(Continued on page 82)

● ● ●

HOLLYWOOD SMALL FRY

Eddie G. Robinson took his youngster, Mannie, who has never seen a silent picture and subtitles, to see Charlie Chaplin in "Modern Times." When Mannie was asked what he thought of the Great Chaplin, he replied, "I can't read. Chaplin can't talk. So I didn't like the pictures."

FASHION

(Continued from page 61)

FASHION MERCHANDISE SHOWN ON PAGES 60 AND 61

Bright red corduroy handbag, all ready to go places. $2.00 by Fri-lo.

Scotch thistle spray pin, "Loch Lomond," with two (count 'em) spaces for pictures. A Karu Christmas idea for $2.50.

Scarfs are in again to add color and zest to your clothes. Have a pastel plaid wool for daytime, by Glentex, and an Echo evening plaid in silver and blue chiffon.

Quilted cotton housecoat with shades-of-blue roses and green leaves on a dotted white background. Only $4.00 at Ohrbach's, N. Y.

White cotton poplin ski suit treated with Dupont's Zelan, the durable repellent that keeps you snugly warm. Ski jacket, $9.00, and ski pants, about $7.00. Both at Gimbel Bros., N. Y.

A warm and new-looking cardigan, the Volga sweater, a Glamor-knit that comes in luscious colors. Under $4.00, leading stores.

Rhinestone evening bag and matching butterfly hair ornament. Both for under $2.00 at Ohrbach's, N. Y.

Glamorous jet jewelry by Miriam Haskell at Saks' 34th St., N. Y. Earrings, $1; pin, $2.95; necklace, $3.95.

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CHRISTMAS GIFT MERCHANDISE SHOWN ON PAGE 59

Khaki for the army: Sewing kit, $1.00; money belt, $1.00; shoe-cleaning kit, $1.25; complete utility case, $2.50; zippered writing case, $3.00. All at James McCreery, N. Y.

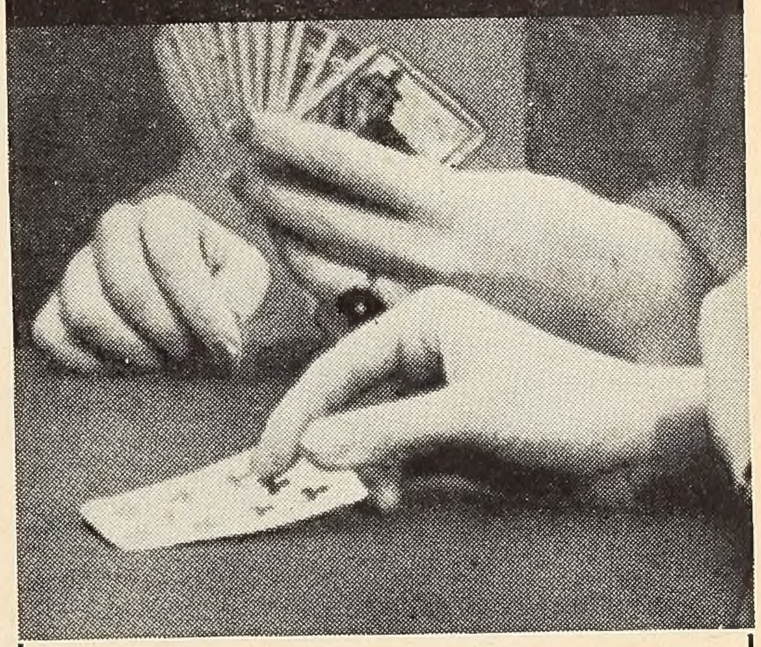
Games for the navy: Magnetic backgammon, $4.69; domino set, $.47; travel chess set, $2.82. R. H. Macy.

For store nearest you, write Elizabeth Willguss, Fashion Editor.

Solution to the Crossword Puzzle on page 12



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CO-ED

(*Continued from page 58*)

as a flock romance you'll discover.

And now—what about looks? They shouldn't really count so much, but everyone knows you can't sell merchandise, no matter how wonderful it is, in a dreary package. Know your type and make the most of it via make-up, clothes and accessories. Be careful not to get ahead of yourself. Judy had an experience we might all profit by. She couldn't wait to grow up to veils and velvets, and now that she is grown up, she wears pinafores and braids. She realizes now that if she had been allowed to wear spike heels, thick make-up and too chic ensembles, she would only have been a bad caricature of such sophisticates as Rosalind Russell and Hedy Lamarr.

Just a few parting shots now to help you successfully carry on the campaign.

Don't wear slinky dresses, spike heels, clanging jewelry and heavy perfume to school.

Don't get down to one lone crony, either male or female.

Do get proficient at some sport. Now's your golden opportunity, and you'll be sorry if you don't.

Do try out for the dramatic club. It's the best thing we know for developing poise.

Do try and read at least two good books a month. It develops a good background and will help you out in those conversational lulls that are bound to crop up sooner or later.

Do be immaculate about hair, nails and clothes.

Do keep your sense of humor no matter how terrifically disastrous the situation may be—and have fun!

REVIEWS

(*Continued from page 81*)

DON'T GET PERSONAL

It all starts when Hugh Herbert inherits his late uncle's pickle fortune and starts out for the Whippet Pickle Works, picking up Mischa Auer on the way. Two Whippet associates plot to cheat Hugh Herbert out of his share of the pickles while the love interest is sustained by secretary, script writer, and radio talent for the Whippet Works. Because of well-meaning Hugh, a merry scramble follows. The four young lovers are paired and re-paired. But finally, each gets his mate and the law its crooks—*U.*

SWING IT, SOLDIER

A case of mistaken identity, involving Frances Langford, results in a carload of chuckles for everyone but her. While still in the draft army, Ken Murray is commissioned by his tent-mate to look after wife Frances (The Lovely Lady of Song) . . . but is not told that Frances is twins. He does know, however, that the songstress is to become a mother and must leave her work. He does everything possible to stymie her efforts in securing the contract she and Don Wilson (announcer) are after. The trouble is that Frances' place has been taken by her twin sister. When Ken Murray discovers the truth, sister wins her radio show and Ken wins sister.—*U.*

THE DEVIL PAYS OFF

In this case, the devil pays off J. Edward Bromberg, shipping magnate, for traitorous acts against the U. S. Government. William Wright is commissioned to uncover the plot when the U. S. Navy suspects foul play. Margaret Tallichet is assigned to masquerade as his wife and plays the role so winsomely that Will refuses to give her up when the job is finished. It all ends happily enough when William escapes death at the hands of the villain, who, in turn, exposes himself and tumbles from the top of his broadcasting tower.—*Rep.*

QUESTIONNAIRE

What stories or features did you enjoy most in our January issue? Write 1, 2, 3 at the right of the titles of your 1st, 2nd, 3rd choice.

They Live With Their Boots On . . . ☐	*I Wrote A Letter To My Love* ☐
Vocal Boy Makes Good (Morgan) . . ☐	*Mad Hatter* ☐
Self-Made Siren (Bruce) ☐	*Hello, Evvabody (Kyser)* ☐
Too Many Husbands? (Payne) . . . ☐	*"They Died With Their Boots On"* ☐
Christmas—It's Colossal ☐	*Good News* ☐

Which one of the above stories did you like least?

What 3 stars would you like to read stories about in future issues?

.

List them 1, 2, 3 in order of preference

.

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